

PINK REV. 1/4/95

**TWELVE MONKEYS**

An Original Screenplay by

David Peoples  
&  
Janet Peoples

Inspired by

LA JETEE, a Chris Marker Film

December 16, 1994  
Production Draft

Director: Terry Gilliam  
Producer: Charles Roven  
Executive  
Producers: Robert Cavallo  
Gary Levinsohn  
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FADE IN:

1 INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

1

CLOSE ON A FACE, a six-year old boy, YOUNG COLE, eyes wide with wonder, watching something intently. We HEAR the sounds of the P.A. SYSTEM droning Flight Information mingled with the sounds of urgent SHOUTS, running FEET, EXCLAMATIONS.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: twenty yards away, a BLONDE MAN is sprawled on the floor, blood oozing through his gaudy Hawaiian shirt. A BLONDE WOMAN in a tight dress, her face obscured from YOUNG COLE'S view, rushes to the injured man, kneels beside him.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, flanked by his PARENTS, their faces out of view, as they steer him away.

FATHER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Come on, Son -- this is no place for us.

YOUNG COLE resists momentarily, mesmerized by the drama.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: Intermittently visible through a confusion of FIGURES rushing through the foreground, the BLONDE MAN reaching up and touching the cheek of the kneeling BLONDE WOMAN in a gesture of enormous tenderness, a gesture of farewell, while the P.A. SYSTEM continues its monotonous monotone...

P.A. SYSTEM  
Flight 784 for San Francisco is now ready  
for boarding at inmate number 66578,  
Greely...

2 INT. PRISON DORMITORY/FUTURE - ETERNAL NIGHT

2

PRISON P.A. SYSTEM  
--number 5429, Garcia -- number 87645,  
Cole...

COLE, late thirties, dark hair, comes awake in a bunk cage, one of many stacked four high along both sides of a long dim low-ceilinged corridor. He blinks in the near dark, shaken, disoriented.

Then, as he "recovers" from his very vivid dream, WE GET OUR FIRST LOOK AT HIS ENVIRONMENT...A WINDOWLESS UNDERGROUND WORLD OF ETERNAL NIGHT SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE... AN ALMOST COLORLESS "REALITY" OF BLURRED EDGES AND ECHOEY SOUNDS, AS CRAMPED AS A SUBMARINE, AND MUCH MORE "DREAMLIKE" THAN HIS DREAM.

Flashlights glare. In the half-light, COLE sees spooky figures, GUARDS, moving among the locked bunk/cages.

COLE turns and whispers to the occupant of the next cage, JOSE...

COLE  
Ssssst! Jose, what's going on?

JOSE  
"Volunteers" again.

JOSE, a young Puerto Rican, immediately rolls over and feigns sleep as SCARFACE, a menacing guard with a jagged scar running down his cheek, looms close to COLE's cage and unlocks it.

SCARFACE  
"Volunteer duty."

The PRISONERS in the other cages watch silently with narrowed eyes.

COLE  
I didn't volunteer.

SCARFACE  
You causing trouble again?

COLE  
(controls his temper)  
No trouble.

3 INT. ESTABLISHING SHOT- EQUIPMENT ROOM

3

A INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM- ETERNAL NIGHT

3A

Cole's alone, struggling to get into what looks like a space suit in a room where suits hang like ghosts with blank eyes.

TITLES BEGIN SUPERED OVER THE SCENE

COLE has the torso of the suit on now and is trying to close it.

OFFSCREEN VOICE (o.s.)  
All openings must be closed.

COLE looks for the source of the voice, a tiny grate in the wall.

OFFSCREEN VOICE (o.s.)  
If the integrity of the suit is  
compromised in any way, if the fabric is  
torn or a zipper not closed, readmittance  
will be denied.

4 EXT. WALL OF OPENINGS- ETERNAL NIGHT

4

Cole walks from condenser to sealed chamber.

- 4A INT. SEALED CHAMBER - MINUTES LATER- ETERNAL NIGHT 4A
- COLE, wearing the "space suit" and a helmet with a plastic visor, steps into a tiny chamber, a kind of air lock. The heavy door clangs shut behind him. He's alone. COLE'S breath comes quicker now as he sucks oxygen from the air tanks on his back.
- On the opposite wall is another door with a huge wheel lock. COLE turns the heavy wheel, opens the door, steps through it.
- 5 INT. ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER- ETERNAL NIGHT 5
- COLE'S in an ascending elevator that groans and creaks.
- 5A INT. ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER- ETERNAL NIGHT 5A
- Cole's POV as he ascends. \*
- 6 INT. SEWER PIPE - MINUTES LATER- NIGHT 6
- As COLE wades through the filthy sewer, RATS scurry across islands of junk, fleeing the probing blade of his flashlight.
- The flashlight beam settles on a ladder mounted in the wall.
- Cole looks down at a map in his gloved hand as TITLES CONTINUE. \*
- Reaching the rusted ladder, COLE starts to climb awkwardly. \*
- 7 EXT. MANHOLE- ANNEX/FUTURE - MOMENTS LATER- NIGHT 7
- A SCRAPING NOISE as a heavy man-hole cover is pushed up and moved aside. COLE'S helmeted head emerges from below.
- SCENE 7A DELETED \*
- 7B EXT. CITY HALL- NIGHT 7B
- COLE'S POV THROUGH HIS PLASTIC VISOR: a city in moonlight, lightly dusted with snow! Once the densely populated Philadelphia, it's now only a surreal panorama of abandoned buildings. No people anywhere! The only sound is COLE'S BREATHING as TITLES CONTINUE.
- COLE'S flashlight reveals vine-covered rusting automobiles. \*
- Approaching, he digs in the vines with his gloved hand and captures a tiny WOOD BEETLE. As he's clumsily depositing the insect in a collection tube, a movement causes him to whirl.

- 7C EXT. CITY STREET REVERSE- MOMENTS LATER- NIGHT 7C  
 Caught in COLE'S light, a huge BROWN BEAR blinks, then rises on its rear legs and ROARS angrily!  
 As COLE stares wide-eyed, the BEAR sinks down onto all fours and pads quickly down the street.
- 8 EXT. CITY SQUARE- NIGHT 8  
 Cole walks through the square.
- 9 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER- NIGHT 9  
 A FALLEN ANGEL, her face crumbling! Part of an extravagant Christmas display in this once posh department store that COLE is exploring with his light, probing the aisles of moldering luxury goods, finally finding...an elaborate spider web extending from a MANNEQUIN wearing a Hawaiian shirt under a sign proclaiming, "START THE NEW YEAR IN THE KEYS!"  
 As COLE'S gloved hand reaches into the web and plucks the SPIDER, the delicate web collapses and the shirt turns to dust.  
 Inserting the SPIDER into a tube, COLE turns to go, accidentally bumping into a huge plastic Christmas Tree that has been knocked off-kilter so it blocks the aisle. NESTING PIGEONS EXPLODE NOISILY from the tree and FLAP into the gloom as TITLES CONTINUE.
- 10 EXT. MOVIE THEATER/CITY STREET - LATER- NIGHT 10  
 The theater marquee announces "FILM CLASSICS 24 HRS/HITCHCOCK FESTIVAL" while unseen WOLVES HOWL in the distance and COLE plods into view, ignoring the marquee, focusing instead on a wall where a stenciled graffiti features an image of Twelve Monkeys dancing in a closed circle next to the words, "WE DID IT!"
- 11 INT. DESERTED TRAIN STATION - LATER- NIGHT 11  
 Trudging through the vast deserted station lobby, COLE doesn't notice WOLVES slipping silently through the foreground.  
 Bending, he scoops part of a turd into his collection tube. He pays no attention to an abandoned baby carriage a few yards away.
- 12 EXT. CITY HALL- DAWN 12  
 An OWL, perched high on the rococo exterior of City Hall, watches COLE, far below, pass through an arch and into the building.

As the sun begins to rise, the OWL spreads its wings, lifting high into the air over the deserted city.

- 12A INT. BUILDING/CITY HALL- DAWN 12A  
 COLE climbs ornate marble stairs past massive columns entwined with vines as the TITLES CONTINUE.
- 12B EXT. ROOF/CITY HALL- EARLY MORNING 12B  
 Leafless trees poke through cracks in the snow-covered roof marked with animal tracks.  
 Trudging across the roof, following the animal trail, COLE spots the stenciled dancing Twelve Monkeys and the words, "WE DID IT!" on a wall. A SOUND causes him to turn and look up.
- 12C EXT. CLOSE UP OF LION ROARING 12C  
 COLE'S POV: a LION, prowling a ledge on top of a beaux arts pavilion...pausing regally to survey his kingdom, ROARS!

TITLES END

SCENE 13 DELETED \*

- 14 INT. SECOND UNDERGROUND DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER- ETERNAL NIGHT 14  
 ROARING WATER, powerful torrents gushing from nozzles in the wall, pummel the still-suited COLE. Stark naked and shivering, COLE is being scrubbed with brushes on long poles wielded by two HULKING FIGURES in bulky decontamination suits. From an unseen source comes an AMPLIFIED VOICE,  
 AMPLIFIED VOICE (o.s.)  
 Raise your arms above your head.  
 COLE lifts his arms and the FIGURES start scrubbing his armpits.
- 15 INT. TINY CHAMBER - SHORTLY- ETERNAL NIGHT 15  
 Alone, still naked, COLE sits on a stool, clumsily drawing blood from his arm with an old-fashioned hypodermic needle.  
 COLE glances toward a single, nearly opaque "window" of thick plastic in the rusty iron wall. VAGUE FIGURES seem to lurk behind the translucent aperture, studying him.



15A INT. PASSAGEWAY/GRAND HALL - ETERNAL NIGHT 15A

COLE, in prison garb again, is escorted by burly guards, TINY and SCARFACE, along a walkway in a cavernous underground space.

16 INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE - ETERNAL NIGHT 16

Ushered in by TINY and SCARFACE, COLE finds himself in a chamber where the walls are covered with old newspapers, photographs, maps and charts. Various horizontal surfaces are cluttered with outdated techno-junk, moldering books, etc.

Facing COLE across a long conference table, similarly littered, are six SCIENTISTS: an ASTROPHYSICIST, ENGINEER, BOTANIST, MICROBIOLOGIST, ZOOLOGIST, and a GEOLOGIST.

TINY  
James Cole Cleared from quarantine.

MICROBIOLOGIST  
Thank you. You two wait outside.

SCARFACE  
He's got a history, Doctor. Violence.  
Anti-social six -- doing 25 to life.

ENGINEER  
I don't think he's going to hurt us.  
You're not going to hurt us, are you Mr.  
Cole?

COLE, distracted by a headline on the wall that announces, "CLOCK TICKING! NO CURE YET!", quickly focuses on the ENGINEER.

COLE  
No, sir.

The GUARDS exchange a look, shrug, exit, closing the door.

MICROBIOLOGIST  
Why don't you sit down, Mr. Cole?

COLE goes to the empty chair at the conference table, sits down.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
We want you to tell us about last night.

17 INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER- ETERNAL NIGHT 17

COLE, looking very tired now, sketches a detailed map on a blackboard of where he was last night.

ASTROPHYSICIST

Where you collected sample #4, what street was that?

COLE

Uh...

BOTANIST

It's important to observe everything.

COLE

I think it was...I'm sure it was 2nd Street.

As the SCIENTISTS start to whisper animatedly among themselves, COLE'S eyes drift across the newspaper clippings taped to the wall. One headline screams, "VIRUS MUTATING!" Another features a photo of an OLD MAN (DR. MASON, who we'll see again later on) and the words, SCIENTIST SAYS, "IT'S TOO LATE FOR CURE."

ASTROPHYSICIST'S VOICE (o.s.)

Close your eyes, Cole.

Startled, COLE closes his eyes obediently. Like COLE, we see NOTHING now but BLACKNESS, but we hear the SCIENTISTS' VOICES.

ENGINEER'S VOICE (o.s.)

Tell us in detail what you've seen in this room.

COLE'S VOICE (o.s.)

Uh, in this room? Uh...

ASTROPHYSICIST'S VOICE (o.s.)

Tell us about the pictures on the wall...

COLE'S VOICE (o.s.)

You mean the newspapers?

A MONTAGE OF OVERLAPPING VOICES (o.s.)

Tell us about the newspapers. Can you hear my voice? What does he look like, the man who just spoke? How old were you when you left the surface?

The VOICES blur and FADE INTO a droning airport P.A. SYSTEM.

18 INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT (THE DREAM) - DAY

18

P.A. SYSTEM (o.s.)

Flight 784 now boarding at gate...

YOUNG COLE, flanked by his PARENTS (represented throughout the film by their torsos, their faces never seen), is watching a PLANE land through one of the big observation windows.

Suddenly, a SHOUT, then raised VOICES. As YOUNG COLE and his PARENTS turn to see what's going on, a man we'll call MR. PONYTAIL, his face averted, hurries past them, bumping YOUNG COLE with a Chicago Bulls Sports Duffel Bag.

MR. PONYTAIL  
WATCH IT!

YOUNG COLE sees little more than the gaudy pants, the duffel, and the man's ponytail flopping as he rushes towards the gates.

Just then, a WOMAN'S VOICE cries out, "NOOOOOOOO!"

YOUNG COLE turns back toward the Security Check Point just as TRAVELERS scatter madly, some diving to the floor, others running. A TERRIFIED TRAVELER, hitting the floor close by, looks up at YOUNG COLE with panicky eyes, and asks...

TERRIFIED TRAVELER  
Just exactly why did you volunteer?

19 INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE/FUTURE WORLD- ETERNAL NIGHT

19

COLE comes abruptly awake. Seated now, he's facing the SCIENTISTS.

MICROBIOLOGIST  
(tapping a pencil on the  
table)  
I asked, you, why did you volunteer?

COLE  
Well, the guard woke me up. He told me  
I volunteered.

The SCIENTISTS react, whispering urgently among themselves.

COLE starts to nod off again, then comes awake with a start as the ENGINEER speaks to him.

ENGINEER  
We appreciate you volunteering. You're  
a very good observer, Cole.

COLE  
Uh, thank you.

ENGINEER  
You'll get a reduction in sentence.

COLE keeps his face impassive.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
To be determined by the proper  
authorities.

## GEOLOGIST

We have a very advanced program,  
something very different, requires very  
skilled people.

## MICROBIOLOGIST

An opportunity to reduce your sentence  
considerably...

## ZOOLOGIST

And possibly play an important role in  
returning the human race to the surface  
of the earth.

## ENGINEER

We want tough minded people. Strong  
mentally. We've had some...misfortunes  
with "unstable" types.

## ASTROPHYSICIST

For a man in your position...an  
opportunity.

## BOTANIST

Not to volunteer could be a real mistake.

## MICROBIOLOGIST

(tapping his pencil  
again)

Definitely a mistake!

COLE hesitates, stares at the tapping pencil.

20 INT. ART GALLERY- NIGHT

20

A POET reads in a booming voice to an AUDIENCE of thirty seated on  
folding chairs in a strikingly "real" world of bright colors where  
extravagant paintings adorn the walls.

## POET

Still among the myriad microwaves, the  
infra-red messages, the gigabytes of ones  
and zeros, we find words, byte-sized now,  
tinier even than science, lurking in some  
vague electricity where, if we listen we  
can hear the solitary voice of that poet  
telling us, "We are no other than a  
moving row of Magic Shadow-shapes that  
come and go Round with the Sun-illuminated  
Lantern held In Midnight by the Master of  
the Show."

As the POET reads, we STUDY the audience, mostly YUPPIE CULTURE  
JUNKIES or BOHEMIANS. Among them, a dark-haired woman of twenty-  
eight, soberly dressed, wearing glasses. She's KATHRYN RAILLY.

It's her beeper that suddenly BEEPS!

POET'S VOICE (o.s.)

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having  
writ, Moves on: nor all your Piety nor  
Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a  
Line, Nor all your Tears wash out a Word  
of it."

BEEP! BEEP! Scowling at the outrageous interruption, the POET looks up from the text just as RAILLY, fumbling, shuts off the beeper and rises, embarrassed. As she makes her way to an exit, the glaring POET continues...

POET

"Yesterday This Day's Madness did  
prepare; Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph or  
Despair: Drink! for you know not whence  
you came, nor why: Drink! for you know  
not why you go, nor where."

21 INT. CORRIDOR/POLICE STATION - NIGHT

21

DETECTIVE FRANKI leads RAILLY past crowded holding cells.

FRANKI

-- so they get there and they ask the guy  
real nice for some kind of i.d., and he  
gets agitated, starts screaming about  
viruses. Totally irrational, totally  
disoriented, doesn't know where he is,  
what day it is, alla that stuff. All  
they got was his name. They figure he's  
stoned out of his mind, it's some kinda  
psychotic episode, so...

RAILLY

He's been tested for drugs?

FRANKI

Negative for drugs. But he took on five  
cops like he was dusted to the eyeballs.  
No drugs. You believe that?

FRANKI pauses, indicating a tiny observation window of thick meshed glass in an otherwise solid door, and RAILLY looks through it.

RAILLY'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW: a MAN, in restraints, examining the wall of the padded cell with the distorted intensity of a "mental case".

RAILLY

You have him in restraints.

FRANKI

Were you listening? We got two officers in the hospital. Yeah, he's in restraints, plus the medic gave him enough stellazine to kill a horse. Look at him! Raring to go!

RAILLY'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW: the MAN in the cell turns, looks right at her. In spite of the cuts and welts, it's clearly COLE.

RAILLY

That would explain the bruises, I guess. The struggle.

FRANKI

You want to go in? Examine him?

RAILLY

Yes, please. You said he gave a name...

FRANKI

(unlocking the door)

James Cole. That's everything we got. None of the James Coles on the computer match him. No license, no prints, no warrants. Nothing. I should probably go in with you.

RAILLY

(entering)

Thank you, that won't be necessary.

FRANKI

Well, I'll be right here, just in case.

22 INT. ISOLATION CELL- NIGHT

22

COLE stares at RAILLY as if at a vision.

RAILLY

Mr. Cole? My name is Doctor Raily. I'm a psychiatrist. I work for the County -- I don't work for the police. My only concern is your well being -- do you understand that?

COLE

I need to go now.

RAILLY

I'm going to be completely honest. I'm not going to lie to you. I can't make the police let you go...but I do want to help you. And I want you to trust me.

(cont'd)

RAILLY (Cont'd)  
Can you do that, James? May I call you  
"James"?

COLE  
"James"! Nobody ever calls me that.

RAILLY  
(frowns, studies him)  
Have you been a patient at County? Have  
I seen you someplace?

COLE  
No, not possible. Listen, I have to get  
out of here. I'm supposed to be getting  
information.

RAILLY  
What kind of information?

COLE  
It won't help you. You can't do anything  
about it. You can't change anything.

RAILLY  
Change what?

COLE  
I need to go.

RAILLY  
Do you know why you're here, James?

COLE  
Because I'm a good observer. Because I  
have a tough mind.

RAILLY  
I see. You don't remember assaulting a  
police officer...several officers?

COLE  
They wanted identification. I don't have  
any identification. I wasn't trying to  
hurt them.

RAILLY  
You don't have a driver's license, James?  
Or a Social Security card?

COLE  
No.

RAILLY  
You've been in an institution, haven't  
you, James? A hospital?

COLE  
I have to go.

RAILLY  
A jail? Prison?

COLE  
Underground.

RAILLY  
Hiding?

COLE  
I love this air. This is wonderful air.

RAILLY  
What's wonderful about the air, James?

COLE  
It's so clean and fresh. No germs.

RAILLY  
Why do you think there aren't any germs  
in the air, James?

COLE  
This is October, right?

RAILLY  
July. ,

COLE  
July?!!! What year is this?

RAILLY  
What year do you think it is?

COLE  
19...96?

RAILLY  
You think it's 1996? That's the future,  
James. Do you think you're living in the  
future?

COLE  
(confused)  
No, 1996 is the past.

RAILLY  
1996 is the future, James. This is 1990.

COLE looks stunned.



23 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR MORNING

23

COLE, bound tightly by the strait-jacket, heavy manacles on his ankles, is being escorted down the corridor by two surly POLICEMEN.

COLE

Where are you taking me?

POLICEMAN #1

South of France, buddy. Fancy hotel.  
You're gonna love it.

COLE

South of France?! I don't want to go to  
the South of France. I want to make a  
telephone call.

POLICEMAN #2 smirks as he unlocks a heavy steel door.

POLICEMAN #2

Zip it, scumbag -- you fooled the shrink  
with your act, but you don't fool us.

Then, POLICEMAN #2 swings the steel door open and sunlight  
overwhelms COLE, blinding him in a dazzling fury of white light.

23A EXT. POLICE STATION- DAY

23A

Cole's POV of glaring whited out police station parking lot.

\*

24 EXT. POLICE STATION- DAY

24

COLE is ushered into the back of a prison van with meshed windows,  
the doors are locked behind him.

\*

24A EXT CITY STREET- DAY

24A

The grim vehicle pulls away into the city street.

\*

SCENE #25 DELETED

26 INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL/SHOWERS - AN HOUR LATER- MORNING

26

Fierce spray, as in the decontamination chamber. COLE stands stark  
naked under the shower while two bored attendants, BILLINGS and  
ANOTHER ORDERLY supervise.

\*

As the OTHER ORDERLY, skinny, shuts off the water, BILLINGS,  
muscular, hands COLE a towel and starts inspecting his scalp.

\*

COLE.

I need to make a telephone call.

BILLINGS

Gotta work that out with a doctor, Jimbo.  
Can't make no calls 'til the doctor says.

COLE

It's very important.

BILLINGS

What chew gotta do, Jimbo, is take it  
easy, relax into things. We all gonna  
get along fine if you just relax.

COLE gets the hint of menace in the message and submits to the lice inspection, only his eyes revealing his frustration.

27 INT. HOSPITAL/DAYROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER- DAY

27

RAUCOUS CARTOONS BLARE on the TV SCREEN while PATIENTS in K-Mart attire or ratty robes stare blankly at the screen or off into space. Light pours into the big room through grilled windows.

Standing in the doorway, BILLINGS at his side, COLE is getting his first look at the dayroom. Overwhelmed, he gapes at the daylight streaming in the windows as BILLINGS beckons to an eager, bright-eyed youth in a plaid shirt, JEFFREY MASON.

BILLINGS

Hey, Mason! Yo, Jeffrey. This here is James. Whyncha show James around? Tell him the TV rules, show him the games an' stuff, okay?

JEFFREY

How much you gonna pay me? Huh? I'd be doing your job.

BILLINGS

Five thousand dollars, my man. That enough? I'll wire it to your account as usual, okay?

JEFFREY

Okay, Billings. Five thousand. That's enough. Five thousand dollars. I'll give him the Deluxe Mental Hospital Tour.

As BILLINGS walks away chuckling, JEFFREY turns to COLE.

JEFFREY

Kid around, kid around. It makes them feel good, we're all pals.

(cont'd)

JEFFREY (Cont'd)

We're prisoners, they're the guards, but it's all in good fun, you see?

COLE nods and JEFFREY indicates card tables where PATIENTS are playing cards, checkers, chess, or working on jig saw puzzles.

JEFFREY

Here's the games. Games vegetize you. If you play the games, you're voluntarily taking a tranquilizer.

COLE sees a partially completed puzzle of the well-known painting, THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM, depicting a serene world of animals in harmony.

JEFFREY

What'd they give you? Thorazine? How much? Learn your drugs -- know your doses.

COLE

I need to make a telephone call.

JEFFREY

A telephone call? That's communication with the outside world! Doctor's discretion. Hey, if all these nuts could just make phone calls, it could spread., Insanity oozing through telephone cables, oozing into the ears of all those poor sane people, infecting them! Whackos everywhere! A plague of madness.

(suddenly sly and confidential)

In fact, very few of us here are actually mentally ill. I'm not saying you're not mentally ill, for all I know you're crazy as a loon. But that's not why you're here. Why you're here is because of the system.

(indicating the TV)

There's the TV. It's all right there. Commercials. We are not productive anymore, they don't need us to make things anymore, it's all automated. What are we for then? We're consumers. Okay, buy a lot of stuff, you're a good citizen. But if you don't buy a lot of stuff, you know what? You're mentally ill! That's a fact! If you don't buy things... toilet paper, new cars, computerized blenders, electrically operated sexual devices...

(cont'd)

JEFFREY (Cont'd)  
 (getting hysterical)  
 SCREWDRIVERS WITH MINIATURE BUILT-IN  
 RADAR DEVICES, STEREO SYSTEMS WITH BRAIN  
 IMPLANTED HEADPHONES, VOICE-ACTIVATED  
 COMPUTERS, AND...

A woman orderly, TERRY, turns from the feeble PATIENT she's helping.

TERRY  
 Take it easy, Jeffrey. Be calm.

Abruptly, JEFFREY stifles his hysteria, takes a deep breath and continues, completely calm now. But COLE isn't listening. He's mesmerized by the TV.

JEFFREY  
 So if you want to watch a particular program, say "All My Children" or something, you go to the Charge Nurse and tell her what day and time the show you want to see is on. But you have to tell her before the show is scheduled to be on. There was this one guy who was always requesting shows that had ALREADY PLAYED!

Startled, COLE reacts to JEFFREY who's picking up speed again.

JEFFREY  
 He couldn't quite GRASP THE IDEA THAT THE CHARGE NURSE COULDN'T JUST MAKE IT BE YESTERDAY -- TURN BACK TIME! HE WAS NUTS! A FRUITCAKE...

TERRY  
 Okay, that's it, Jeffrey, you're gonna get a shot. I warned you...

JEFFREY calms himself miraculously, smiling affably.

JEFFREY  
 Right! Right! Heh heh. I got "carried away". Explaining the workings of...the institution.

Just then, TJ WASHINGTON, a somber-looking African American in a dignified suit, white shirt, and tie, taps COLE on the shoulder.

TJ WASHINGTON  
 I don't really come from outer space.

JEFFREY  
 This is TJ Washington, Jim -- he doesn't really come from outer space.

TJ WASHINGTON  
 Don't mock me, my friend.  
 (to Cole)  
 It's a condition of "mental divergence".  
 I find myself on the planet, Ogo, part of  
 an intellectual elite, preparing to  
 subjugate barbarian hordes on Pluto. But  
 even though it's a totally convincing  
 reality in every way...I can feel,  
 breathe, hear... nevertheless, Ogo is  
 actually a construct of my psyche. I am  
mentally divergent in that I am escaping  
 certain unnamed realities that plague my  
 life here. When I stop going there, I  
 will be well. Are you also divergent,  
 friend?

COLE stares at TJ WASHINGTON, then, for the first time, sees... TJ  
 WASHINGTON is wearing furry slippers!

P.A. SYSTEM (v.o.)  
 James Cole. Report to Staff. James  
 Cole!

JEFFREY  
 Staff! Whoo! Time for Staff. Now the  
 geniuses cure you. Hallelujah!

-8 INT. PSYCH WARD CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER- DAY

28

COLE is agitated, speaking forcefully.

COLE  
 This is a place for crazy people! I'm  
 not crazy!

Four PSYCHIATRIC RESIDENTS, RAILLY, GOODIN, CASEY, ANOTHER DOCTOR, \*  
 and their chief, DR. OWEN FLETCHER, sit around a beat-up conference  
 table, watching COLE, who sits facing the doctors, with BILLINGS  
 looming behind him.

DR. CASEY  
 We don't use that term..."crazy", Mr.  
 Cole.

COLE  
 Well, you've got some real nuts in here!  
 Listen to me, all of you -- I have to  
 tell you something that's going to be  
 difficult for you to understand, but...

DR. RAILLY  
 James...please. These are all doctors  
 here and we want to help you.

DR. FLETCHER

Mr. Cole -- last night you told Dr. Railyly you thought it was...

(checking a file)

1996. ... How about right now? Do you know what year it is right now?

COLE

1990. Look, I'm not confused. There's been a mistake, I've been sent to the wrong place.

Suddenly, COLE reaches out and BILLINGS lunges forward, but COLE is just grabbing a pad and pencil.

COLE

Hey, I'm not going to hurt anybody.

FLETCHER restrains BILLINGS with a hand signal.

COLE

(drawing)

Do any of you know anything about the Army of the Twelve Monkeys? They paint this, stencil it, on buildings, all over the place.

COLE waves a sketch of the dancing monkey logo we saw earlier.

DR. CASEY

Mr. Cole...

COLE

Right. I guess you wouldn't, this is 1990, they're probably not active yet. That makes sense! Okay. Listen to me, three billion people died in 1996 and 97. Three billion, got that? Almost the whole population. Of the world! Only about one percent of us survived.

DOCTORS exchange knowing looks. This is an old story, apparently.

DR. GOODIN

Are you going to save us, Mr. Cole?

COLE

Save you! How can I save you? It already happened! I can't save you. Nobody can! I'm simply trying to get some information to help people in the present so that they can...

DR. CASEY

"The present?" We're not in the present now, Mr. Cole?

COLE  
No, no. This is the past. This has  
already happened. Listen...

DR. GOODIN  
Mr. Cole, you believe 1996 is the  
"present" then, is that it?

COLE  
No, 1996 is the past, too. Look...  
(sees their eyes)  
You don't believe me. You think I'm  
crazy, but I'm not crazy. I'm a convict,  
sure, I have a quick temper, but I'm as  
sane as anyone in this room. I...

COLE stops, sees DR. FLETCHER tapping his pencil. COLE'S seen that  
tapping before -- in the future! It disorients him.

RAILLY  
Can you tell us the name of the prison  
you've come from?

COLE doesn't answer. He's staring at the tapping pencil.

DR. FLETCHER  
Does this bother you, Mr. Cole?

COLE  
(recovering, new tack)  
No! Look, I don't belong here! What I  
need to do is make a telephone call to  
straighten everything out.

DR. FLETCHER  
Who would you call, Mr. Cole, who would  
straighten everything out?

COLE  
Scientists. They'll want to know they  
sent me to the wrong time. I can leave  
a message on "voice mail". They monitor  
it from the present.

DR. FLETCHER  
These scientists, Mr. Cole? Are they  
doctors like ourselves?

Good question! Residents exchange knowing looks.

COLE  
No! I mean yes... Please -- one call!

COLE looks desperately toward RAILLY, pleading eyes meeting hers.

29 INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT- DAY

29

A RATTY APARTMENT. Kids SCREAM as a harried MOTHER lunges for the CHIRPING PHONE, answers it.

MOTHER

Yes?

(listens, frowns, then)  
Whaaaaat? "Voice mail"! I don't know  
what you're talkin' about. ... Is this  
a joke? ... I don't know any scientists.  
James who? Never heard of you!

The MOTHER slams down the phone!

30 INT. PSYCH WARD CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

30

A dismayed COLE still has the receiver in his hand. Sympathetically, RAILLY takes it from him, hangs it up while the other DOCTORS watch COLE'S reactions from across the room.

RAILLY

It wasn't who you expected?

COLE

It was some lady. She didn't know  
anything.

RAILLY

Perhaps it was a wrong number...

COLE

No. That's the reason they chose me --  
I remember things.

RAILLY

(suddenly frowning)  
James, where did you grow up? Was it  
around here? Around Baltimore?

RAILLY doesn't notice her colleagues are watching her now. Is she showing some "special" interest in this patient?

COLE

(lost in thought)  
What?

RAILLY

I have the...strangest feeling I've met  
you before...a long time ago, perhaps.  
Were you ever...?

DR. FLETCHER

Dr. Raily!



COLE  
Wait! This is only 1990! I'm supposed  
to be leaving messages in 1996. It's not  
the right number yet. That's the  
problem. Damn! How can I contact them?

RAILLY, embarrassed, recovering her professional attitude, takes a  
bottle, pours out some tablets, and holds them out to COLE.

RAILLY  
James, take these.  
(sees he doesn't want  
them)  
Please -- we let you make the phone call.  
Now I want you to trust me.

31 INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE- DAY (THE DREAM)

31

MR. PONYTAIL races past the startled YOUNG COLE.

MR. PONYTAIL  
WATCH IT!

Was it JEFFREY wearing gaudy pants and a ponytail? It was  
definitely JEFFREY'S VOICE.

TRAVELERS dive for cover as a WOMAN'S VOICE cries out...

WOMAN'S VOICE  
NOOOOOOOOO!

Just then, YOUNG COLE is distracted by a running figure. It's the  
BLONDE MAN in the Hawaiian shirt, but he's not injured. He's  
sprinting toward the gates, glancing back over his shoulder, his  
mustache slightly askew!

A GUNSHOT rings out! Then, DAZZLING WHITE LIGHT.

32 INT. DORMITORY (PSYCH WARD)/COUNTY HOSPITAL- NIGHT

32

COLE'S eyes blink awake, blinded by a flashlight.

He's lying in one of thirty beds in a darkened ward. Disoriented.  
Which world is this? The room is full of BREATHING, SNORING,  
occasional MOANS. He can barely discern the shadowy figures of an  
ORDERLY and a NURSE, making their rounds, checking each bed.

COLE watches them exit, then he focuses on a patch of moonlight  
coming in a barred window.

With a quick glance at the sleeping PATIENTS, he slips out of bed,  
makes his way stealthily to the window, peers out.

32A EXT. DORMITORY (PSYCH WARD) COUNTY HOSPITAL- NIGHT

32A

COLE'S POV: the moon, glowing in the sky, illuminating a single tree. Under the tree, in silhouette, a COUPLE embraces, kisses.

SCENE #32 CONTINUES...

ANGLE ON COLE, looking out the window, absorbed.

VOICE (o.s.)

It won't work. You can't open it.

Alarmed, COLE turns, sees JEFFREY in the next bed.

JEFFREY

You think you can remove the grill but you can't. It's welded.

COLE checks the grill anyway.

JEFFREY

See? I toldja. And all the doors are locked, too. They're protecting the people on the outside from us. But the people outside are as crazy as us.

COLE has become preoccupied with a small SPIDER creeping along the window sill. Alarmed by a sudden SOUND, he grabs the SPIDER and scrambles back into bed just as the door opens and an ORDERLY probes the darkness with the blade of his flashlight.

ANGLE ON COLE, in bed, feigning sleep.

The flashlight clicks off and COLE hears the door close. For a long moment the ward is silent. Then, COLE hears JEFFREY'S hoarse whisper.

JEFFREY

You know what "crazy" is? "Crazy" is "majority rules". Take germs for example.

Although COLE is preoccupied with the SPIDER struggling to get out of his fist, he can't help reacting to the word, "germs"!

COLE

Germs?!

JEFFREY

In the 18th century there was no such thing! Nobody'd ever imagined such a thing -- no sane person anyway. Along comes this doctor...Sommelweiss, I think. He tries to convince people...other doctors mostly...

(cont'd)

JEFFREY (Cont'd)

that there are these teeny tiny invisible "bad things" called germs that get into your body and make you...sick! He's trying to get doctors to wash their hands. What is this guy...crazy? Teeny tiny invisible whaddayou call 'em?... "germs"! So cut to the 20th century! Last week in fact, right before I got dragged into this hellhole. I order a burger in this fast food joint. The waiter drops it on the floor. He picks it up, wipes it off, hands it to me...like it was all okay.

COLE is still trying to figure out where to put the SPIDER.

JEFFREY

"What about the germs?" I say. He goes, "I don't believe in germs. Germs are just a plot they made up so they can sell you disinfectants and soap!" Now, he's crazy, right? Hey, you believe in germs, don't you?

No alternative. COLE pops the SPIDER in his mouth and swallows it.

COLE

I'm not crazy.

JEFFREY

Of course not, I never thought you were. You want to escape, right? That's very sane. I can help you. You want me to, don't you? Get you out?

COLE

If you know how to escape, why don't you...?

JEFFREY

Why don't I escape, that's what you were going to ask me, right? 'Cause I'd be crazy to escape! I'm all taken care of, see? I've sent out word.

COLE

What's that mean?

JEFFREY

I've managed to contact certain underlings, evil spirits, secretaries of secretaries, and assorted minions, who will contact my father.

(cont'd)

JEFFREY (Cont'd)

When he learns I'm in this kind of place,  
he'll have them transfer me to one of  
those classy joints where they treat you  
properly. LIKE A GUEST! LIKE A PERSON!  
SHEETS! TOWELS! LIKE A BIG HOTEL WITH  
GREAT DRUGS FOR THE NUT CASE LUNATIC  
MANIAC DEVILS...

PATIENTS are waking up as the NURSE and two ORDERLIES burst into  
the dorm and head straight for JEFFREY who's struggling to calm  
himself.

JEFFREY

Sorry. Really sorry. Got a little  
agitated. The thought of escaping  
crossed my mind and suddenly...suddenly  
I felt LIKE BENDING THE FUCKING BARS  
BACK, RIPPING OFF THE GODDAMN WINDOW  
FRAMES AND...EATING THEM, YES, EATING  
THEM, AND LEAPING, LEAPING...

COLE watches the ORDERLIES grab JEFFREY and haul him away.

JEFFREY

You dumb assholes! I'm a mental patient!  
I'm supposed to act out. Wait 'til you  
morons find out who I am. My father's  
gonna be really upset. AND WHEN MY  
FATHER GETS UPSET, THE GROUND SHAKES! MY  
FATHER IS GOD! I WORSHIP MY FATHER.

33 INT. WARD DAYROOM- MORNING

33

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN/A VIDEO IMAGE OF A LAB MONKEY, convulsing  
pathetically, a victim of shocks from the numerous wires attached  
to his tiny, restrained body.

ANGLE ON COLE, seated, writing intensely in a magazine with a  
crayon, surrounded by dull-eyed PATIENTS in pajamas and ratty  
robes, staring at the shuddering LAB MONKEY on the TV screen.

JEFFREY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Torture! Experiments! We're all  
monkeys.

COLE looks up, startled, as JEFFREY, one eye bruised black, takes  
the seat next to him.

COLE

They hurt you!

JEFFREY

Not as bad as what they're doing to  
kitty.

ANGLE ON TV, showing a laboratory CAT turning in mad circles, eating its own tail, while a NEWS REPORTER narrates.

TV NEWS REPORTER (v.o.)

These video tapes were obtained by animal rights activists who worked underground as laboratory assistants for several months. Authorities say there is little they can do until...

ON THE SCREEN, LAB WORKERS passively watch the agony.

ANGLE ON COLE, reacting angrily.

COLE

Look at them...they're asking for it!  
Maybe people deserved to be wiped out!

JEFFREY

Wiping out the human race! That's a great idea! But it's more of a long term thing -- right now we have to focus on more immediate goals.

(sudden whisper)

I didn't say a word about "you know what".

COLE

What are you talking about???

JEFFREY

You know -- your plan. "Emancipation!"

As COLE stares, befuddled, JEFFREY sees COLE'S magazine.

JEFFREY

What're you writing? You a reporter?

COLE

(shielding the magazine)  
It's private.

JEFFREY

A lawsuit? You going to sue them?

Just then BILLINGS looms over COLE, extending a cup full of pills.

BILLINGS

Yo, James -- time to take your meds.

SCENE #34 DELETED

35 INT. DAY ROOM/HOSPITAL - THIRTY MINUTES LATER- MORNING

35

ANGLE ON THE TV, a commercial playing: a beautiful couple romps in the surf in slow motion while an eager NARRATOR encourages...

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Take a chance. Live the moment.  
Sunshine. Gorgeous beaches. The Florida  
Keys!

ANGLE ON COLE, very drugged, seated in front of the TV along with other drugged PATIENTS, staring at the screen.

ANGLE ON THE TV, showing a picture of the Marx Brothers.

TV ANNOUNCER (v.o.)

We'll return to the Marx Brothers in  
"Monkey Business" following these  
messages.

JEFFREY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Monkey Business! Monk Key Business!

COLE sees JEFFREY sliding into the next chair, winking.

JEFFREY

Get it? Monk - Key. Monk!  
(big grin)  
Key!

JEFFREY flashes his palm open for one quick moment. A KEY!

COLE

(groggy)  
What...???

JEFFREY

Woooo, they really dosed you, bro. Major  
load! Listen up -- try and get it  
together. Focus! Focus! The plan!  
Remember? I did my part.

COLE

What...???

JEFFREY

Not, "what", babe! When!

COLE

"When???"

JEFFREY

(pressing the key into  
Cole's hand)

Now!

VOICE/TV (o.s.)  
Let us guide you to the stocks and bonds  
that will enhance your portfolio.

JEFFREY  
(leaping to his feet)  
YES -- NOW! BUY NOW! STOCKS AND BONDS!  
NO MORE MONKEY BUSINESS -- BUY NOW.

ANGLE ON TV, a BULL and a BEAR in an office.

VOICE/TV (v.o.)  
A portfolio tailored to your specific  
needs and the needs of your loved ones...

ANGLE ON COLE, dumbfounded, watching JEFFREY dance crazily.

JEFFREY  
YES, YES. ENHANCE YOUR PORTFOLIO NOW!

ANGLE ON BILLINGS, across the ward, heading toward JEFFREY, while  
TERRY, the other orderly, presses a beeper, calling for help.

ANGLE ON COLE, flabbergasted, as JEFFREY cavorts around the room.

JEFFREY  
BUY! SELL! SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY!

ANGLE ON A HAND, inserting the last piece into the PEACEABLE  
KINGDOM JIGSAW PUZZLE. Just then, JEFFREY'S HAND sweeps the puzzle  
off the table, scattering it into a thousand pieces.

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, dancing away while the PATIENT who just completed  
the puzzle stares, very upset.

Other PATIENTS are getting agitated, too, as JEFFREY avoids a lunge  
by BILLINGS and dances off, using PATIENTS as a shield.

HEAVY WOMAN PATIENT  
I'M GETTING DIZZY. MAKE HIM STOP!

OLD MAN PATIENT  
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! I GOT FIVE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS! I'M INSURED!

JEFFREY  
OPPORTUNITY! DEFINITELY! A WINDOW OF  
OPPORTUNITY! OPENING NOW! NOW'S THE  
TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO SEIZE THE  
MOMENT! YES! YES! MASTERCARD! VISA!  
THE KEY TO HAPPINESS!

ANGLE ON COLE, realizing through the haze of drugs that JEFFREY is  
sending a message to him. COLE looks at the ward door.

COLE'S POV: the WARD DOOR opens and two husky ORDERLIES enter. One locks the door with a key, one of many on a key ring attached to his belt, as the other ORDERLY rushes to join the pursuit.

JEFFREY  
SEIZE THE MOMENT! GET RICH! NOW'S THE  
TIME! GO FOR IT!

BILLINGS  
(missing a tackle)  
God damn you, Jeffrey, quit playing the  
fool.

ANGLE ON COLE, hesitating. He looks at the door...blurring in and out of focus. He looks down at the key in his hand.

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, being grabbed by the ORDERLIES. JEFFREY resists wildly as they struggle to overpower him.

JEFFREY  
LAST CHANCE! LAST CHANCE! HEY -- OW!

ANGLE ON COLE, lunging to the door, trying to insert the key.

ANGLE ON LOCK, as the key keeps missing the hole.

ANGLE ON COLE, glancing nervously over his shoulder.

COLE'S POV: ORDERLIES swarm over JEFFREY, don't notice COLE.

ANGLE ON COLE, managing to insert the key. It won't turn.

A patient PATIENT, close at hand, startles COLE, whispering,

PATIENT PATIENT  
Place to go would be...Florida. The Keys  
are lovely this time of year.

COLE, unnerved, desperate tries the key again. It turns.

PATIENT PATIENT  
Be careful -- J. Edgar Hoover isn't  
really dead.

COLE pauses, stares, not understanding. Then, he opens the door.

35A INT. CORRIDOR/COUNTY HOSPITAL

35A

COLE runs drugged and desperate down the corridor.

\*

36 INT. ELEVATOR LANDING/COUNTY HOSPITAL

36

A SECURITY MAN, seated at a desk, doesn't even look up from his magazine as COLE steps through the door and faces two elevators.



His back to the SECURITY MAN, COLE studies the elevators.

SECURITY MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Two's not working today. Use one.

Startled, COLE glances behind him and glimpses the SECURITY MAN'S FACE, partially obscured by the magazine. He looks exactly like ... SCARFACE!

DING! Shaken, COLE is startled again as the elevator door suddenly opens and two DOCTORS and an AIDE emerge from the elevator.

The flashing arrow indicates the elevator is going up but COLE doesn't notice as he hastily enters the empty car. Behind him, the DOCTORS do a double-take, glancing back just as the door closes. They exchange an urgent look as the elevator ascends.

SCENE #37 & 37A DELETED

38 INT. COUNTY PSYCH WARD CORRIDOR - MORNING

38

RAILLY, arriving for work, shuffles through her messages as she hurries along the corridor.

Popping out of an office, DR. CASEY waves a message, crayoned on a page torn from a magazine.

DR. CASEY  
This was in my box, but I have a slight suspicion it wasn't meant for me.  
(reading dramatically)  
"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. You live in a beautiful world. But you don't know it. You have freedom, sunshine, air you can breathe."

RAILLY  
(smiling)  
Cole. James Cole -- right?

She reaches for the note but CASEY moves it out of her grasp.

DR. CASEY  
"I would do anything to stay here, but I must leave. Please, help me."

RAILLY  
Poor man...

Just then, DR. GOODIN, clearly upset, runs into view and past them.

DR. GOODIN  
Hey, Kathryn, James Cole is one of yours, right?

RAILLY and CASEY stare at him.

DR. GOODIN  
He got out. Took off. Last seen, he was  
up on nine!

39 INT. X-RAY DEPARTMENT/BASEMENT- DAY

39

A TECHNICIAN stands alongside a PATIENT, being swallowed by a large tube, a CAT SCANNER, while an X-RAY DOCTOR says reassuringly, \*

X-RAY DOCTOR  
Just relax -- don't fight it. We have to  
know exactly what's there so we can... \*

The X-RAY DOCTOR stops, astonished, as the door bursts open. \*  
It's COLE! He stares at the PATIENT and the CAT SCANNER.

X-RAY DOCTOR  
Eh, excuse me. Can I help you? \*

COLE turns and rushes back out the door.

40 INT. CORRIDOR/COUNTY HOSPITAL- DAY

40

COLE steps into the corridor, turns to his right, freezes.

A POSSE of SECURITY GUARDS is headed in his direction.

COLE turns to his left.

Four ORDERLIES are coming that way.

COLE'S trapped. A beat. He attacks the nearest man. BILLINGS.

41 INT. PSYCH WARD CORRIDOR/ISOLATION ROOM - SHORTLY- DAY

41

Strapped tightly onto a gurney, COLE is being wheeled down a corridor by BILLINGS, right eye swollen, to where RAILLY waits in the doorway of an isolation room, hypo in hand.

COLE  
No more drugs, please...

RAILLY  
It's just something to calm you.  
(injecting him)  
I have to do this, James. You're very  
confused.

42 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/PSYCH WARD - LATER- DAY

42

DR. FLETCHER faces RAILLY across the conference table. DRS. CASEY, GOODIN, and ANOTHER DOCTOR are also there.

DR. FLETCHER

Four years! We've worked together for four years, Kathryn -- I've never seen you like this before. Now, please, stop being so defensive -- this isn't an inquisition.

RAILLY

I didn't think I was being defensive. I was just...

DR. FLETCHER

He should have been in restraints. It was bad judgment on your part, plain and simple. Why not just cop to it?

RAILLY

Okay, it was bad judgment. But I have the strangest feeling about him -- I've seen him somewhere and...

DR. FLETCHER

Two policemen were already in the hospital and now we have an orderly with a broken arm and a Security Officer with a fractured skull!

RAILLY

I said it was bad judgment! What else do you want me to say?

DR. FLETCHER

You see what I mean? You're being defensive.

(to Dr. Casey)

Isn't she being defensive, Bob?

But just then, BILLINGS sticks his head in the door.

BILLINGS

Uh, Dr. Fletcher -- we got another... situation.

43 INT. PSYCH WARD CORRIDOR/ISOLATION CELL - MOMENTS LATER- DAY

43

DR. FLETCHER stares into the empty padded cell as RAILLY, CASEY, GOODIN, SHALMY, BILLINGS, an ORDERLY and the NURSE crowd behind him.

DR. FLETCHER  
He was in full restraints? And the door  
was locked?

BILLINGS  
Yes, sir. Did it myself.

DR. FLETCHER  
And he was fully sedated?

RAILLY  
He was fully sedated!

DR. FLETCHER  
Then are you trying to tell me that a  
fully sedated, fully restrained patient  
somehow slipped out that vent, replaced  
the grill behind him and that he's  
wriggling through the ventilation system  
right now?

DR. FLETCHER indicates an impossibly tiny vent high in the wall.

44 INT./EXT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT- DAY (THE DREAM)

44

Seen through the glass windows, a 747 takes off, climbing into the  
sky as the airport P.A. System drones...

P.A. SYSTEM  
Flight '784 to San Francisco now boarding  
at Gate 38...

YOUNG COLE, watching the 747, whirls at the SOUND of a COMMOTION.

MR. PONYTAIL bumps him.

The BLONDE MAN sprints past. The WOMAN'S VOICE calls out!

WOMAN'S VOICE  
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

TRAVELERS dive for cover briefly revealing the mysterious BLONDE  
WOMAN running after the BLONDE MAN! But this time, YOUNG COLE  
catches a glimpse of her face. She looks a little like RAILLY  
except for the blonde hair, the make-up, and the flashy earrings.  
she calls out, her VOICE blending weirdly with the P.A. SYSTEM...

BLONDE WOMAN/P.A. SYSTEM  
The Freedom For Animals Headquarters now  
boarding on Second Avenue. The Army of  
the Twelve Monkeys...

ENGINEER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Cole, you moron -- wake up!

45 INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE- ETERNAL NIGHT OF THE FUTURE

45

As COLE blinks awake, the digitized monotone of the P.A. SYSTEM continues to drone in an unearthly VOICE...

UNEARTHLY VOICE/P.A. SYSTEM  
-- they're the ones who are going to do  
it...

COLE'S probing eyes spot the source of the sound, a TAPE RECORDER on the table in front of the row of scowling SCIENTISTS.

UNEARTHLY VOICE/TAPE RECORDER  
I can't do anything more. The Police are  
after me.

The tape ends, runs off the reel, flap...flap...flap...

ASTROPHYSICIST  
Well?

COLE  
Uh, what?

ENGINEER  
He's drugged out of his mind! He's  
completely zoned out.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
Cole, did you or did you not record that  
message?

COLE  
Uh, that message...me?

MICROBIOLOGIST  
It's a reconstruction of a deteriorated  
recording...

BOTANIST  
Weak signal on our number. We have to  
put them together one word at a time like  
jigsaw puzzles.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
We just finished "rebuilding" this. Did  
you or did you not make this call?

COLE  
I couldn't call! You sent me to the  
wrong year! It was 1990!

SCIENTISTS  
1990!

The SCIENTISTS react, exchanging looks, whispers. Then,

ZOOLOGIST  
You're certain of that?

GEOLOGIST  
(before Cole can answer)  
What did you do with your time, Cole?  
Did you waste it on drugs? Women?

COLE  
They forced me to take drugs.

BOTANIST  
Forced you! Why would someone force you  
to take drugs?

COLE  
I got into trouble. I got arrested. But  
I still got you a specimen -- a spider --  
but I didn't have anyplace to put it, so  
I ate it. It was the wrong year anyway,  
so I guess it doesn't matter.

The SCIENTISTS stare incredulously, then turn, exchange knowing  
looks, huddle, start whispering to one another.

Struggling to stay awake COLE sees, blurrily, the MICROBIOLOGIST  
staring at COLE intently. For one moment the face is DR. FLETCHER!

COLE blinks hard and it's the MICROBIOLOGIST again. Then, COLE'S  
head slumps forward as he dozes off and EVERYTHING GOES DARK!

ENGINEER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Cole!

COLE comes awake with a start. Has time passed? The room is dark  
now, except a slide is being projected on a torn screen. It's a  
picture of a stenciled graffiti...the 12 Dancing Monkeys.

ENGINEER  
What about it, Cole?

ZOOLOGIST  
Did you see this when you went back?

COLE  
Uh, no, sir. I...

Another slide appears. PROTESTERS, their placards featuring  
slogans and images of Animal Atrocities, confront RIOT POLICE.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
What about these people? Did you see any  
of these people?

Zooming in, panning, the SCIENTISTS emphasize the FACES of the  
PROTESTERS.

The FACES are unfamiliar to COLE (~~though-WE~~ will recognize some of them later on).

COLE (o.s.)  
Uh, no, sir, I...wait!

The image pans back to a much enlarged blurry FACE among the PROTESTERS. In spite of the poor image, the expression of rage is clear. It seems to resemble a somewhat older JEFFREY MASON.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
Him? You saw that man?

COLE  
Uh, I think so. In the mental hospital.

MICROBIOLOGIST  
(switching on the light)  
You were in a mental institution?!

The SCIENTISTS MUTTER disapprovingly among themselves.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
You were sent to make very important observations!

BOTANIST  
You could have made a real contribution...

GEOLOGIST  
Helped to reclaim the planet...

ZOOLOGIST  
As well as reducing your sentence.

MICROBIOLOGIST  
The question is, Cole -- "Do you want another chance?"

COLE stares at them, trying to figure out what they mean.

SCENES #46 & #47 DELETED

48 INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT- DAY (THE DREAM)

48

The BLONDE WOMAN runs up the concourse, her back to YOUNG COLE, as frightened PASSENGERS duck for cover, SHOUTING!

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)  
Hey! Who's that?

49 INT. CELL- ETERNAL NIGHT

49

COLE opens his eyes. Where is he? Silence as he examines the tiny cell. Bare cement walls. High ceiling. Same color and size as the isolation room at the county hospital.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

Hey, Bob...what's your name?

COLE looks around frantically. Up, down. Where is the VOICE coming from? Maybe from that tiny vent high in the wall...

COLE

Where are you?

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

You can talk! Wah'dja do, Bobby boy?  
Volunteer?

COLE

My name's not "Bob".

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

Not a prob, Bob. Where'd they send you?

COLE

Where are you?

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

Another cell. ... Maybe.

COLE

What do you mean, "maybe"? What's that supposed to mean?

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

Maybe. Means "maybe" I'm in the next cell, another "volunteer" like you -- or "maybe" I'm in the Central Office spying on you for all those science bozos. Or, hey, "maybe" I'm not even here. "Maybe" I'm just in your head. No way to confirm anything. Ha ha. Where'd they send you?

COLE doesn't answer.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

Not talking, huh, Bob? That's okay -- I can handle that.

COLE

1990.



RASPY VOICE (o.s.)  
 90! How was it? Good drugs? Lotsa pussy? Hey, Bob, you do the job? D'ju find out the "big info"?...Army of the Twelve Monkeys...where the virus was prior to mutation?

COLE  
 It was supposed to be 1996.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)  
 Science isn't an exact science with these clowns...but they're getting better. You're lucky you didn't end up in ancient Egypt!

50 INT. LAB - ETERNAL NIGHT OF THE FUTURE

50

COLE is strapped on a gurney. SCIENTISTS hover near-by, whispering. The walls of the gloomy chamber are damp, sweating.

GEOLOGIST  
 No mistakes this time, Cole.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
 Stay alert. Keep your eyes open.

ZOOLOGIST  
 Good thinking about that spider, Cole. Try and do something like that again.

MICROBIOLOGIST  
 Just relax now -- don't fight it. We have to know exactly what's there so we can fix it.

The gurney is being wheeled into a strange steel tube... reminiscent of the cat scanner in County Hospital.

COLE'S POV: a last glimpse of anxious FACES, then the chamber door is CLANGED shut.

50A INT. TIME MACHINE

50A

EVERYTHING IS BLACK. A HUM BUILDS. A BLUR OF STROBING BLACK AGAINST WHITE. THE HUM REACHES A DEAFENING LEVEL, DIMINUENDOS, REPLACED BY BURSTS OF MACHINE GUN FIRE, VOICES SHOUTING IN FRENCH, A SUDDEN EXPLOSION!

51 EXT. TRENCH/France- NIGHT

51

DRIZZLING RAIN. SCREAMS. COLE'S in a deep trench, eyes wide with terror, naked. What's going on? Where is he?

SOLDIERS in gas masks push urgently past him rushing toward their injured COMRADES who've been ripped apart by the shell that just hit fifteen yards away. Muffled VOICES shout through gas masks...in FRENCH. COLE doesn't know it, but this is World War I! Suddenly, a SERGEANT confronts him, shouting in French.

WWI SERGEANT  
(FRENCH, subtitled)  
Where's your mask?! And your clothes...  
and your weapon, you idiot?!

COLE  
What? What??

COLE looks around desperately. A horribly WOUNDED MAN is being stretchered past them. Machine guns CHATTER as the WWI SERGEANT, reacting to the foreign word, jams his bayonet into COLE'S ribs.

WWI SERGEANT  
(FRENCH, subtitled)  
Captain! A Kraut! We got a Kraut!

COLE  
I don't understand. Where am I?

The CAPTAIN hurries over, snapping at COLE in German.

WWI CAPTAIN  
(GERMAN, subtitled)  
How'd you get here, soldier? What's your rank? Where are your clothes?

COLE  
I...don't understand.

WWI CAPTAIN  
(GERMAN, subtitled)  
German! Speak German! What are you doing here?

VOICE (o.s.)  
(pleading in English)  
I gotta find 'em. I gotta find 'em.  
Please, you gotta help me!

COLE turns and sees JOSE, the Puerto Rican kid from the next cell, being carried past on a stretcher, covered with blood.

COLE  
JOSE!

JOSE  
Cole! Oh, God, Cole, where are we?

As JOSE reaches out to COLE, a PHOTOGRAPHER takes a FLASH PICTURE and SHOTS RING OUT. COLE goes down. Hit in the leg!

SOLDIERS in gas masks rush past him like giant insects. Looking to his left, COLE sees the WWI CAPTAIN lying beside him, dead from a chest wound, his gas mask half off. COLE is reaching for the mask when...a shell HITS close by with an enormous EXPLOSION.

52 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS- NIGHT

52

Stunningly quiet. We are on a placid campus looking at the dignified architecture of Breitrose Hall. MOVING IN we FOCUS ON a large poster advertising "The Alexander Lectures, Winter 1996".

WE SKIM the listings (Jon Else on The Nuclear Agony, Dr. Andrew Mik Miksztal on Biological Ethics, etc.) until we SETTLE ON...

DR. KATHRYN RAILLY  
MADNESS AND APOCALYPTIC VISIONS  
NOVEMBER 15

53 INT. AUDITORIUM/BREITROSE HALL- NIGHT

53

The projected image of the face of a raving MADMAN from a 12th Century engraving fills a giant screen in a lecture hall.

(NOTE: The MADMAN is the EVANGELIST  
in SCENE #69)

RAILLY'S VOICE (o.s.)  
According to the accounts of local officials at that time, this gentleman, judged to be about forty years of age, appeared suddenly in the village of Wyle near Stonehenge in the West of England in April of 1162. Using unfamiliar words and speaking in a strange accent, the man made dire prognostications about a pestilence which he predicted would wipe out humanity in approximately 800 years. Deranged and hysterical, the man raped a young woman of the village, was taken into custody, but then mysteriously escaped and was not heard of again.

WE DISCOVER RAILLY, six years older now, in a pool of light, dwarfed by the giant screen where a series of woodcuts showing scenes of pestilence in the Middle Ages replace the engraving as she continues to lecture an audience of SCHOLARLY TYPES.

RAILLY (cont.)  
(passionate now)  
"And one of the four beasts gave unto the seven angels seven golden vials full of the wrath of God, who liveth forever and ever." Revelations. "  
(cont'd)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RAILLY (Cont'd)

And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses and dragons on their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." Isaiah. As Mackay told us more than a century ago in his epochal work Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds, "Some delusions, though notorious to all the world, have subsisted for ages, flourishing as widely among civilized and polished nations as among the early barbarians with whom they originated, --- for instance --- the belief in omens and divination of the future, which seem to defy the progress of knowledge to eradicate them entirely from the popular mind." Obviously, the plague/doomsday version of the Apocalypse flourishes in the context of a virulent disease whether it's the Bubonic Plague, smallpox, or AIDS. Now we have technological horrors such as chemical warfare, which first reared its ugly head in the deadly mustard gas attacks during World War One.

ON THE SCREEN, a SERIES of SLIDES show images of WORLD WAR I SOLDIERS in gas masks, in death throes, etc.

RAILLY'S VOICE (cont. o.s.)

During such an attack in the French trenches in October, 1917, we have an account of this soldier...

ON THE SCREEN, a deteriorated photograph shows JOSE, the Puerto Rican kid, strapped to a stretcher, reaching out, as WWI SOLDIERS lug him through the trenches during an attack.

RAILLY'S VOICE (cont. o.s.)

-- who, during an assault, was wounded by shrapnel and hospitalized behind the lines where Doctors discovered he had lost all comprehension of French but spoke English fluently, albeit in a regional dialect they didn't recognize. The man, although physically unaffected by the gas, was hysterical. He claimed he had come from the future, that he was looking for a pure germ that would ultimately wipe mankind off the face of the earth starting in the year... 1996!

As the AUDIENCE CHUCKLES nervously, another photograph fills the SCREEN, revealing a gaunt, haunted JOSE in a military hospital.

RAILLY'S VOICE (cont. o.s.)  
 Though injured, the young soldier  
 mysteriously disappeared from the  
 hospital, no doubt trying to carry on his  
 mission to warn others, substituting for  
 the agony of war...a self-inflicted agony  
 we call the "Cassandra Complex".

As RAILLY continues, we SCAN the AUDIENCE and DISCOVER MARILOU MARTIN and WAYNE CHANG, friends of RAILLY'S. Several seats further down the row, we NOTICE a MAN with shoulder-length red hair, listening intently. His name is DR. PETERS.

RAILLY  
 Cassandra, in Greek legend you will  
 recall, was condemned to know the future  
 but to be disbelieved when she foretold  
 it. Hence, the agony of foreknowledge  
 combined with impotence to do anything  
 about it.

54 INT. RECEPTION ROOM - AN HOUR LATER- NIGHT

54

A stack of new books. THE DOOMSDAY SYNDROME, Apocalyptic Visions of the Mentally Ill by Dr. Kathryn Railly.

Surrounded by enthusiastic members of the audience, RAILLY is seated at the table signing books but DR. PETERS has her ear.

DR. PETERS  
 I think, Dr. Railly, you have given your  
 "alarmists" a bad name. Surely there is  
 very real and very convincing data that  
 the planet cannot survive the excesses of  
 the human race: proliferation of atomic  
 devices, uncontrolled breeding habits,  
 the rape of the environment, the  
 pollution of land, sea, and air. In this  
 context, isn't it obvious that "Chicken  
 Little" represents the sane vision and  
 that Homo Sapiens' motto, "Let's go  
 shopping!" is the cry of the true  
 lunatic?!

DR. PETERS smiles self-importantly at RAILLY as an elderly  
 disheveled PROFESSOR elbows in front of him.

DISHEVELED PROFESSOR  
 Doctor Railly -- please! I wonder if  
 you're aware of my own studies which  
 indicate that certain cycles of the moon  
 actually impact on the incidence of  
 apocalyptic predictions as observed in  
 urban emergency rooms and...

As the PROFESSOR babbles, MARILOU and WAYNE appear and whisper,

MARILOU  
You were great.

RAILLY  
You're leaving?

MARILOU  
The reservation's at nine thirty -- it's getting late.

DISHEVELED PROFESSOR  
Doctor Raily -- please -- this is very important!

WAYNE CHANG  
(checking the Professor)  
You sure you're gonna be all right?

RAILLY  
(smiles, checks her watch)  
I'll be there in twenty minutes.

DISHEVELED PROFESSOR  
Dr. Raily, I simply cannot understand your exclusion of the moon in relation to apocalyptic dementia...

55 EXT. PARKING LOT/BREITROSE HALL - NIGHT

55

A full moon.

As RAILLY hurries to her ACURA, one of the last cars left in the lot, she waves to a VOLVO exiting the parking lot, COLLEAGUES CALLING, "Congratulations" to her.

The outside lights of Breitrose Hall go off.

RAILLY seems to be alone in the lot as she fishes keys from her purse, unlocks her car door, starts to open it when...

Suddenly, she's grabbed from behind in a choke-hold by a large shadowy MAN looming out of the darkness behind her.

MAN'S VOICE  
Get in!

Unable to scream, she writhes and kicks as he forces her into the front seat.

MAN'S VOICE  
I've got a gun.

RAILLY freezes, terrified, as he opens the rear door and scrambles in behind her.

56 INT. ACURA/PARKING LOT

56

Fighting to suppress the quaver in her voice, RAILLY says...

RAILLY  
You can have my purse. I have a lot of  
cash and credit...

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Start the car.

Glancing in the rear view mirror, RAILLY sees penetrating eyes peering out of the shadows, no other features.

Half-turning in the seat, she holds out the keys to him.

RAILLY  
Here! You can have the keys. You can...  
He grabs her hair and yanks her head back hard, speaking fiercely into her ear, his face lost in shadow.

MAN  
START THE CAR! NOW!

57 EXT. ACURA/PARKING LOT

57

The engine STARTS, the ACURA backs up, then heads for the exit.

58 INT. ACURA

58

Steering fearfully, RAILLY hears him speak more calmly now.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)  
I don't want to hurt you. But I will.  
I've hurt people before when...when I had  
no choice. Turn left.

As she makes the turn, RAILLY glances in the rear view mirror, sees him unfolding a tattered map. His face is lost in darkness but she glimpses ragged, torn clothing as he tries to read the map by the intermittent glow of passing street lights.

RAILLY  
Where... where are we going?

MAN  
I need you to drive me to Philadelphia.

RAILLY  
(startled, horrified)  
But that's... that's more than 200 miles!

MAN  
That's why I can't walk there. Turn  
here... I think...

RAILLY obeys. She glances in the mirror again, hesitates, then boldly switches on the dome light, holding her breath fearfully for his reaction.

He grunts appreciatively. Relieved, she looks in the mirror again, trying to get a better look at him, but now his features are concealed by the map.

RAILLY  
If you make me go with you, it's  
kidnapping. That's a serious crime. If  
you let me go, you could just take the  
car and...

MAN  
I don't know how to drive! We went  
underground when I was six, I told you  
that. When you come to the corner, turn  
right.

Startled, RAILLY whirls, looks right at him.

He's lowered the 'map. It's COLE! Haggard, unshaven, dirty.

RAILLY  
Cole! James Cole! You escaped from a  
locked room six years ago.

COLE  
1990. Six years for you. There's the  
sign! Right here!

COLE is indicating a freeway entrance.

59 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

59

The Acura veers up the ramp and onto the freeway.

60 INT. ACURA/FREEWAY - NIGHT

60

RAILLY glances in the mirror, sees COLE settling back wearily against the seat. She says carefully...

RAILLY  
I can't believe this is a coincidence,  
Mr. Cole. Have you been...following me?



COLE

You told me you'd help me. I know this isn't what you meant, but...I'm desperate...no money...bum leg...sleeping on the streets. I probably smell bad. Sorry about that. I saw your book in a store window with a notice about your lecture.

(sudden pride)

I can read, remember?

RAILLY

Yes, I remember.

(a beat, then)

Why do you want to go to Philadelphia?

COLE

It's the next step. I checked out the Baltimore information, it was nothing. It's Philadelphia, that's where they are, the ones who did it -- the Twelve Monkeys.

(pointing suddenly,  
eagerly)

Is that a radio?

RAILLY turns on the radio and immediately WE HEAR the SOUND of SURF and the CRIES of gulls, background to an oozing baritone COMMERCIAL.

COMMERCIAL/RADIO (o.s.)

This is a personal message to you. Are you at the end of your rope? Are you dying to get away?

COLE stiffens, alert, listening intently.

COMMERCIAL/RADIO (cont. o.s.)

The Florida Keys are waiting for you.

COLE frowns as the SOUND of breaking SURF and crying GULLS fills the car. It's confusing! He blurts out...

COLE

I've never seen the ocean!

RAILLY

It's an advertisement, Mr. Cole. You do understand that, don't you? It's not really a special message to you.

COLE

You used to call me "James".

RAILLY  
You'd prefer that? James...you don't  
really have a gun, do you?

COLE  
(cynical laugh)  
Everybody's got a gun. In this city,  
everybody's...

He breaks off reacting to the RADIO MUSIC! FATS DOMINO singing  
"BLUEBERRY HILL"!

COLE grins, mouth agape, eyes wide like a kid's.

COLE  
I'm gonna make this louder. I love  
twentieth century music! Hearing music  
and breathing air!

After COLE reaches over the seat and cranks up the volume, RAILLY  
watches the mirror incredulously, sees him stick his head out the  
window into the wind, mouth open, "eating" the air hungrily.

60A EXT. FREEWAY/ACURA- NIGHT

60A

"BLUEBERRY HILL" BLARES as the Acura, COLE'S head out the rear  
window, zips past a sign at 65 mph.

The sign says, "PHILADELPHIA-- I-95 North."

60B INT. ACURA/FREEWAY- NIGHT

60B

RAILLY glances in the mirror at the nut in the rear seat with his  
head out the window. What can she do? Just then, while she's  
trying to figure something out, an ANNOUNCER'S VOICE breaks in...

ANNOUNCER/RADIO (o.s.)  
This just in from Fresno, California:  
emergency crews are converging on a  
cornfield where playmates of nine-year  
old Ricky Neuman say they saw him  
disappear right before their eyes.

COLE pulls his head back inside with a frown, troubled now.

ANNOUNCER/RADIO (cont. o.s.)  
Young Neuman apparently stepped into an  
abandoned well shaft and is lodged  
somewhere in the narrow 150 foot pipe,  
possibly alive, possibly seriously  
injured. Playmates claim they heard him  
cry out faintly but since then there has  
been no contact with...

COLE  
"Never cry wolf!"

RAILLY  
What?

COLE  
My father told me that. "Never cry wolf." Then people won't believe you if...something really happens.

RAILLY  
"If something really happens"...like what, James?

COLE  
(a sudden big yawn)  
Something bad. Is that all the music?  
I don't want to hear this stuff...

As RAILLY scans the stations, she glances, sees him YAWN again.

RAILLY  
Did something terrible happen to you when you were a child? Something so bad...?

COLE  
Ohhhh, this one! Let's listen to this one.

IVORY JOE HUNTER/RADIO (o.s.)  
"Since I met you, baby, My whole life has changed..."

Ecstatic, blinking back sleep, COLE sticks his head out again.

60C EXT. ACURA/FREEWAY

60C

COLE'S POV: the heavens, glittering with a million stars and a lover's moon as IVORY JOE croons the achingly romantic lyrics...

IVORY JOE HUNTER/RADIO (cont. o.s.)  
"-- cause since I met you, baby. All I need is you..."

ANGLE ON COLE, wind in his hair, eyes shining, gulping air blissfully.

61 INT. RAILLY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

61

Two POLICE OFFICERS and an anxious MARILOU MARTIN listen to an answering machine's message while a hungry CAT cries plaintively.

## ANSWERING MACHINE

Dr. Raily -- this is Wikke from Psych Admitting. There was a guy here this afternoon looking for you. He seemed very agitated. We tried to keep him, but he refused 'n I kept thinking, I know this guy. Then, just a few minutes ago, it came to me. It's Cole! James Cole. Remember him? The paranoid who pulled the Houdini back in '90. Well, he's back and he's cuckoo...and he's looking for you. I thought you oughta know.

The machine switches off. The POLICE OFFICERS exchange a look.

## MARILOU

It's just as I told you -- my husband and I had gone ahead -- she never showed. That's totally unlike her!

## OFFICER ONE

(pulls out his notebook)  
Do you happen to know the make of her car?

## MARILOU

Um...Acura. '92 Acura. Black. Also, that cat's starving! She would never neglect her cat!

62 EXT. MOTEL- MORNING

The black ACURA is parked outside room 46 of the HIGHWAYS & BYWAYS MOTEL, which has definitely seen better days.

63 INT. MOTEL ROOM 46- MORNING

The TV is on. A commercial is just starting. A catfood jingle.  
The sound of HEAVY BREATHING.

ANGLE ON COLE, sweating, BREATHING HEAVILY, sprawled on one side of the double bed, sound asleep.

64 INT. CONCOURSE/AIRPORT- DAY (THE DREAM)

GUNSHOT! YOUNG COLE glimpses the BLONDE MAN staggering, wounded.

The mysterious BLONDE WOMAN races past him toward the BLONDE MAN, and YOUNG COLE again glimpses the resemblance to RAILLY, in spite of the blonde hair, the make-up, the flashy earrings.

FATHER'S VOICE (o.s.)

Son...

YOUNG COLE looks up at his FATHER, whose face is out of view.

FATHER'S VOICE (cont. o.s.)

Son, it's important for your cat to have the nourishment necessary for healthy bones and a rich coat.

65

65 INT. MOTEL ROOM 46- MORNING

COLE comes awake with a start. He stares, disoriented, at the CATFOOD COMMERCIAL on the TV.

RAILLY VOICE (o.s.)

Please untie me. I'm very uncomfortable.

COLE turns to RAILLY, beside him on the bed, frightened, helpless, her jacket arranged to restrain her like a strait-jacket.

Controlling his instinct to free her, COLE looks away, gets up, and, wincing, limps to the dresser, stepping around empty fast-food cartons. He pulls a razor and soap from a paper bag, then goes into the bathroom, leaving the door open, and starts shaving.

COLE

You were in my dream just now. Your hair was different, but I'm sure it was you.

RAILLY

We dream about what's important in our lives. And I seem to have become pretty important in yours. What was the dream about?

COLE

About an airport...before everything happened. It's the same dream I always have -- I'm a little kid in it.

RAILLY

And I was in it? What did I do?

COLE

You were very upset. You're always very upset in the dream, but I never knew it was you before.

RAILLY

It wasn't me before, James. It's become me now because of...what's happening. Please untie me.

Finished shaving, COLE re-enters the bedroom, toweling his face.

COLE  
No, I think it was always you. It's very strange.

RAILLY  
You're flushed. And you were moaning.  
I think you're running a fever. What are you doing?

COLE is rummaging through RAILLY'S wallet, pulling out money.

COLE  
I'll be back in a minute.

He heads for the door.

RAILLY  
No! Don't leave me here like this!

Too late! He shuts the door behind him, leaving her alone.

ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN, where an ANCHORMAN sits at a News Set.

TV ANCHORMAN  
And in Fresno, California...crews  
continue to attempt to rescue nine-year  
old Ricky Neuman.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, twisting and struggling on the bed, trying to get loose, tears welling in her eyes.

TV ANCHORMAN (cont. o.s.)  
The boy was playing ball with four other  
children when he literally disappeared  
off the face of the earth.

66 EXT. MOTEL CORRIDOR- MORNING

66

Cole puzzles over a vending machine, inserts coins tentatively.

67 INT. MOTEL ROOM- MORNING

67

ANGLE ON TV, the picture of RAILLY filling the screen.

TV ANCHORMAN (v.o.)  
Closer to home, in Baltimore, Kathryn  
Railly, prominent psychiatrist and the  
author of a newly released book on  
insanity, disappeared mysteriously last  
night after a lecture at the University.

RAILLY stops struggling, stares at the screen.

ANGLE ON TV, where a six-year old police mug shot of COLE reveals the intense, weird stare of a dangerous man.

TV ANCHORMAN (v.o.)

A former mental patient, James Cole, is wanted for questioning regarding Dr. Raily's disappearance. Authorities warn that Cole has a history of violence.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, glancing toward the door.

ANGLE ON COLE, standing in the doorway, arms full of junk food, eyes on the TV SCREEN.

68 INT. ACURA/COUNTRY HIGHWAY - LATER- DAY

68

RAILLY, at the wheel, daintily eats a candy bar while COLE, beside her, gobbles potato chips as he pores over a road map.

COLE

We have to stay on the back roads. It'll slow us down, but we can't take the chance.

RAILLY

They're going to find us, you know -- sooner or later.

COLE

You still don't get it, do you? There isn't any "later".

COLE switches on the radio and MUSIC fills the car.

COLE

I love music. We don't have anything like this.

COLE puts aside the map, pulls out a stack of tattered papers.

RAILLY

What are all those?

COLE

My notes. Observations. Clues.

RAILLY

Clues? What kind of clues?

COLE

A secret army. I've told you about them. The Army of The Twelve Monkeys. They spread the virus. I have to find them -- it's my assignment.

\*

RAILLY  
What will you do...when you find  
this...secret army?

COLE  
I just have to locate the virus in its  
original form before it mutates. So a  
scientist can come back and study it and  
find a cure. So that those of us who  
survived can go back to the surface of  
the earth.

RAILLY maintains a professional deadpan, says nothing as they pass  
a pickup truck with a MOTHER, FATHER, and five KIDS in the back.

COLE stares at the KIDS, a sad look in his eyes.

COLE  
You won't think I'm crazy next month.  
People are going to start dying. At  
first the papers will say it's some weird  
fever. Then they'll begin to catch on.  
They'll get it.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (o.s.)  
We interrupt this program with a special  
bulletin...

RAILLY and COLE both react to the radio, suddenly alert.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (o.s.)  
This report just in from Fresno,  
California. Naval sonar specialists who  
were flown to the site...

COLE  
I thought it was about us. I thought  
maybe they'd found us and arrested me or  
something.

RAILLY stares at COLE.

COLE  
Just a joke.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (o.s.)  
-- unable to determine the location of  
the boy in the 150 foot shaft...but a TV  
sound man who lowered an ultra-sensitive  
microphone into the narrow tube claims he  
heard breathing sounds coming from  
approximately seventy feet down...

COLE reaches over and changes stations. MUSIC again.



RAILLY  
Does that disturb you, James? Thinking  
about that little boy in the well?

COLE  
When I was a kid I identified with that  
kid, down there alone in that pipe...a  
hundred feet down -- doesn't know if  
they're going to save him.

RAILLY  
What do you mean -- when you were a kid?

COLE  
Never mind. It's not real -- it's a  
hoax. A prank. He's hiding in a barn.  
Hey, turn left here. Left!

COLE quickly checks the map as RAILLY stares, then turns left.

68A EXT. PHILADELPHIA- DAY

68A

The city shimmers like a vision, spires reaching skyward.

69 EXT. SKID ROW STREET/PHILADELPHIA- DAY

69

Wearing a tattered bathrobe, an EVANGELIST, who perfectly resembles the MAN in the 12th Century engraving, stand on a Skid Row corner waving a Bible, ranting at DERELICTS, WINOS, BAG LADIES.

EVANGELIST  
-- a most virulent disease which will be  
visited on us, a season of great  
pestilence, oh, yes, oh, yes, there are  
omens and divinations, "And the wild  
beast of the islands shall cry in their  
desolate house and dragons in their  
pleasant palaces: and her time is near to  
come, and her days shall not be  
prolonged."

ANGLE ON RAILLY'S ACURA, crawling down the street, RAILLY driving,  
COLE beside her, staring out the window.

69A INT. ACURA/SKID ROW STREET (FRANKFORD)

69A

COLE is scrutinizing the crumbling walls, boarded-up store fronts,  
tattered posters, decaying signs, miserable PEOPLE.

COLE  
Where I come from we think of this as  
Eden.

(cont'd)

COLE (Cont'd)

If we could just see the sun, eat sun-grown food. Eden! Look at them! They don't know what they have. They don't see the sky. They don't feel the air!

COLE'S POV: a BMW speeds toward them, passes, its radio BLARING!

COLE (o.s.)

And the ones who aren't hungry are so smug they haven't a clue. WAIT! STOP!

69B EXT. ACURA/SKID ROW- DAY

69B

On foot now, COLE pulls an astonished RAILLY to a wall covered with graffiti, a hopeless tangle of symbols, words, and crude pictures.

Clueless, RAILLY stares at the wall, then at COLE as he touches a bit of red-stenciled graffiti hidden under gang insignias. We can just see TWELVE MONKEYS holding hands in a circle.

COLE

They're here. Somewhere. Come on!

No question, he's insane. Looking around urgently, he pulls her toward an alley entrance where he stops abruptly and, still keeping a firm grip on RAILLY'S arm, starts ripping down newly tacked-up posters announcing a Rap concert.

RAILLY stares at him, then turns and is looking all around when, suddenly, COLE pulls her up tight and threatens...

COLE

Look, I'm warning you. You do anything..."crazy", I'll...I'll hurt people.

RAILLY

I'm not going to do anything "crazy". But you need help, James. None of this is what you think it is.

But COLE isn't listening. He's staring triumphantly at another partially obscured stencil of the TWELVE MONKEYS he's found. But just then, a familiar RASPY VOICE startles him.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

You can't hide from them, Bob.

COLE whirls, sees a derelict, LOUIE, leering at him, speaking in a voice eerily like the RASPY VOICE from the next cell in the future.

LOUIE  
 No, sir, Old Bob -- don't even try.  
 (conspiratorially)  
 They hear everything. They got that  
 tracking device on you. They can find  
 you anywhere. Anytime. Ha Ha!

RAILLY looks from LOUIE to COLE, sees COLE'S stunned reaction.

LOUIE  
 (touches his back jaw)  
 In the tooth, Bob! Right?  
 (sudden triumphant grin)  
 But I fooled 'em, old buddy!

He opens his mouth wide. NO TEETH!

COLE grabs RAILLY and pulls her into the alley and down it.

COLE  
 They're keeping an eye on me.

RAILLY  
 Who's keeping an eye on you?

COLE  
 Him! The man with the voice!

COLE breaks off, freezes, staring at a brick wall featuring a  
 stencil of the DANCING MONKEYS!

And further on, another red stencil!

70 EXT. VACANT LOT - MOMENTS LATER- DAY

70

Oblivious CRACKHEADS huddle against a building, sucking their  
 pipes, as COLE pulls RAILLY past, scanning the walls for "messages"  
 in the confusion of graffiti. Suddenly, as RAILLY considers her  
 surroundings dubiously, COLE pulls her toward the mouth of a dark  
 and forbidding alley.

RAILLY  
 James, no -- we shouldn't be here!

COLE ignores her, yanking her after him into the alley.

71 INT. DARK ALLEY- DAY

71

Pulling RAILLY into the gloom with him, COLE focuses on a Twelve  
 Monkey stencil, apparently brush painted because the paint dripped  
 down the wall onto the ground leaving a trail.

As COLE'S eyes follow the paint splotches along the alley floor,  
 RAILLY is reacting to something ahead!

RAILLY'S POV: TWO THUGS, standing over a MAN, kicking him, look up, see RAILLY and COLE, exchange a glance, then head this way!

RAILLY

James! We have to go back. Those men...

Too late. As COLE looks up from studying the pavement, the THUGS are almost on them.

FIRST THUG

Hey, buddy.

Startled, COLE blinks stupidly.

The SECOND THUG lunges for RAILLY'S purse, yanks it from her.

COLE reaches to grab it back, but...WHACK! The FIRST THUG smacks COLE hard across the face with something metallic.

Bloody, dazed, COLE is trying to clear his head when the FIRST THUG shoves the hard object, a cheap pistol, against COLE'S cheek.

RAILLY turns to run, gets two steps before the SECOND THUG knocks her roughly to the ground.

SECOND THUG

Stick around, bitch.

Looming over her, the SECOND THUG starts to unzip his fly. RAILLY looks over to COLE, sees...

COLE dropping to his knees, groveling at the FIRST THUG'S feet.

COLE

Please! Please don't hurt me!

The FIRST THUG steps close, kicks COLE contemptuously, cocks his foot for a second kick when...

COLE uncoils, lunging, rising, his strong arms around the bigger man's calves, lifting him mightily, high off the ground.

The gun FIRES wildly as COLE staggers forward with the FIRST THUG in his arms and smashes the man into the brick wall behind him. The FIRST THUG goes down in a heap, dropping the pistol.

Zippering his fly hastily, the SECOND THUG turns to deal with COLE but COLE attacks him...rocking him again and again with savage blows that come one after another with lightning speed. The SECOND THUG staggers back, bloody and dazed as RAILLY watches, amazed.

Turning back to the FIRST THUG, COLE sees him reach for the pistol.

COLE kicks him viciously in the jaw. The FIRST THUG'S head whips back. SNAP! He collapses against the brick wall.

COLE turns back to see the SECOND THUG retreating down the alley.

RAILLY stares up at COLE. He looks very dangerous. He glances in her direction as he pockets the pistol.

COLE  
Are you hurt?

RAILLY  
Uh, no. Yes. I mean, just some scrapes...

As RAILLY gets to her feet, she sees COLE, bending over the motionless THUG, quickly going through his pockets, taking the man's wallet and a handful of bullets.

RAILLY  
Is he...alive?

COLE  
Come on. We're running out of time. You can't help him.

As COLE yanks her roughly away, she looks back, sees the FIRST THUG'S sightless eyes, wide open...staring blankly.

RAILLY  
Oh, Jesus, James! You killed him!

COLE  
I did him a favor. Now come on.

COLE, pulling her again, sees more "12 MONKEYS" on the wall.

RAILLY  
You didn't have a gun before, did you?

COLE  
I've got one now.

72 EXT. SECOND AVENUE- DAY

72

Pulling RAILLY along as he follows the drops of red paint around the corner, COLE comes full circle to where the EVANGELIST, seeing him, breaks off in the middle of his rant, pointing...

EVANGELIST  
And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came...YOU! YOU!  
YOU'RE ONE OF US!

Ignoring the pointing EVANGELIST, COLE focuses instead on the obscure paint trail following it along the filthy sidewalk to a doorway where, looking up, he finds himself facing what used to be a butcher shop, its window now covered with lurid animal rights posters, the sign over the door reading,

FREEDOM FOR ANIMALS ASSOCIATION

72A EXT. STORE FRONT OFFICE- DAY

72A

Establishing shot.

73 INT. FAA STORE - MOMENTS LATER- DAY

73

The SOUND of POURING RAIN fills the triangular room, its walls covered with posters, placards, and photos of animal atrocities. At what used to be the meat counter, three earnest young activists, FALE, deathly pale, BEE, long haired, and TEDDY, muscular, are collating leaflets that demand an END TO SPECIEISM. Behind them, a large poster proclaims, "ANIMALS HAVE SOULS, TOO". Just then, there's a tremendous CLAP OF THUNDER as the ACTIVISTS look up and see COLE and RAILLY enter.

COLE looks startled. The SOUND of the rainstorm doesn't make any sense. Maintaining a tight grip on RAILLY'S wrist, he looks around frantically as a JUNGLE BIRD SCREAMS in the DOWNPOUR.

FALE

Uh, can we help you?

As COLE hesitates, the RAIN abates and an ELEPHANT TRUMPETS!

RAILLY

It's all right, James -- it's just a tape.

COLE'S eyes follow her look to a tape deck under a sign advertising, "THE TRUE MUSIC OF THE WORLD".

COLE

I, uh, I'm looking for the, uh, the Army of the Twelve Monkeys.

FALE glances at BEE and TEDDY. "We have a problem!" the look says. MONKEYS start CHATTERING on the tape as TEDDY comes around the counter, bigger than COLE, physically imposing, menacing.

TEDDY

We don't know anything about any "Army of the Twelve Monkeys", so why don't you and your friend disappear, okay?

COLE backs away, a firm grip on RAILLY, as a LION ROARS.

COLE  
I just need some information.

TEDDY  
Didn't you hear me? We're not...

TEDDY breaks off mid-sentence...freezes.

COLE is pointing a pistol at them. A TIGER SNARLS.

RAILLY  
James, no -- don't hurt them.  
(to the activists)  
Please, I'm a psychiatrist -- just do  
whatever he tells you to do.  
He's...upset -- disturbed. Please --  
he's dangerous -- just cooperate.

MONKEYS CHATTER wildly as TEDDY backs up.

FALE  
What do you want -- money? We only have  
a few bucks.

A BABOON HOWLS with laughter. COLE is suddenly self-confident again.

COLE  
I told you what I want.  
(snaps at Raily)  
Lock the door!

RAILLY  
James, why don't we...?

COLE  
Lock it now!

RAILLY hurries to the door to lock it as BEE says to FALE,

BEE  
I told you that fuckhead Mason would get  
us into something like this.

FALE  
Shut up!

COLE  
Mason???

RAILLY  
(alert)  
"Jeffrey" Mason?

74 INT. FAA STORE CONVERTED MEAT LOCKER - LATER- DAY

74

The three ACTIVISTS, terrified, eager to cooperate, are hog-tied together in the middle of the floor in this old meat locker.

FALE

Then, Jeffrey becomes like this...big star -- the media latch on to him because he's picketing his own father, a "famous Nobel Prize winning virologist". You musta seen all that on TV.

COLE, the gun next to him, is rummaging through boxes of papers while RAILLY watches helplessly.

COLE

No, I don't watch TV.

Suddenly, COLE finds something he thinks he's seen before. He holds it up. It's a photograph of DR. MALCOLM MASON being escorted by a phalanx of riot cops through a mob of raging activists.

COLE

Is this him -- Dr. Mason?

FALE

That's him.

BEE

What are you going to do with us?

COLE

(stares at the photo,  
then)

Tell me more about Jeffrey.

FALE

(a helpless shrug to his cohorts)

Jeffrey started getting bored with the shit we do...picketing, leafleting, letter-writing stuff. He said we were, "ineffectual liberal jerkoffs". He wanted to do guerrilla "actions" to "educate" the public.

COLE holds up a clipping showing horrified SENATORS standing on their desks as RATTLESNAKES slither along the Senate Floor.

FALE

Yeah, that's when he let a hundred snakes loose in the Senate.

TEDDY

But we weren't into that kind of stuff. It's counter productive, we told him.



FALE

So he and eleven others split off and became this underground..."army".

COLE

The Army of The Twelve Monkeys.

BEE

They started planning a "Human Hunt".

TEDDY

They bought stun guns and nets and bear traps. They were gonna go to Wall Street and trap lawyers and bankers.

BEE

But they didn't do it. They didn't do any of it.

TEDDY

Yeah, just like always, Mr. Big Shot sold his friends out!

COLE

What's that mean?

FALE

He goes on TV, gives a news conference, tells the whole world he just realized his daddy's experiments are vital for humanity and that the use of animals is absolutely necessary and that he, Jeffrey Mason, from now on, is going to personally supervise the labs to make sure all the little animals aren't going to suffer.

COLE

(holding up a rolodex)  
What's this?

75

EXT. FREEWAY- AFTERNOON

75

In the crawling traffic, WE FIND a battered FORD covered with bumper stickers and painted slogans. "I BRAKE FOR ANIMALS"... "FREE THE ANIMALS"... "WOULD YOU LET A MINK WEAR YOUR SKIN?"

RAILLY (v.o.)

You can't just barge in on a famous scientist. They'll have security guards, gates, alarm systems. It's insane, James.

76 INT. MOVING FORD/FREEWAY- AFTERNOON

76

The ROLODEX, on COLE'S lap along with a map, is open to a card saying, "JEFFREY MASON c/o DR. MALCOLM MASON, 27 Outerbridge Road". COLE is in the passenger seat, RAILLY'S at the wheel.

RAILLY

And those kids -- they could die in that meat locker!

COLE glances out the window, indicates the PEOPLE in passing cars...COMMUTERS, FAMILIES, TRUCKERS.

COLE

All I see are dead people. Everywhere.  
What's three more?

RAILLY

(a beat, carefully, a  
new tack)

You know Dr. Mason's son, Jeffrey Mason,  
don't you, James? You met him in the  
County Hospital six years ago.

COLE

(looking down at the  
map)

The guy was a total fruitcake.

RAILLY

And he told you then his father was a  
famous virologist.

COLE is absorbed in the map, his finger tracing "Outerbridge Road".

COLE

No -- he said his father was "God"!

77 EXT./INT. FORD/COUNTRY HIGHWAY - LATER- DAY (NEAR GAS STATION)

77

A moody C&W SONG on the radio gives way to a NEWS BULLETIN.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (o.s.)

This just in: police confirm that  
prominent psychiatrist and author Dr.  
Kathryn Raily has been abducted by a  
dangerous mental patient, James...

COLE ignores the radio. Sweating with fever, shifting uncomfortably in the passenger seat, he keeps checking his map against the road signs flashing past.

RAILLY observes COLE wince with pain as he shifts his leg.

RAILLY  
What's the matter with your leg?

COLE  
I got shot.

RAILLY  
Shot! Who shot you?

COLE  
It was some kind of...war. Never mind.  
You wouldn't believe me. Hey! What're  
you doing?!

She's put on the signal that indicates she's going to leave the highway and pull into a gas station just ahead.

COLE grabs the wheel as he leans over and checks the gas gauge.

COLE  
We don't need gas!

RAILLY  
I thought you didn't know how to drive.

COLE  
I said I was too young to drive. I  
didn't say I was stupid.

RAILLY  
This can't go on, James. You're not  
well. You're burning with fever. I'm a  
doctor -- I need some supplies.

She's referring to the Sundry Store adjacent to the gas station.

COLE studies her. He wants to trust her. He lets go of the wheel.

SCENE #78 DELETED

79 EXT. CLEARING/WOODS - AN HOUR LATER- LATE AFTERNOON

79

It's winter but the sun streams down through the leafless branches.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (v.o.)  
Meanwhile in Fresno, where mining  
engineers continue their desperate  
attempt to sink a shaft parallel to the  
one in which nine-year old...

COLE, in his underwear, leans back on a large rock beside the Ford, his pants hanging on the car's open door. He's staring up at the sun and the sky as RAILLY finishes bandaging his thigh.

RAILLY  
 You shouldn't put your weight on it. You  
 need stitches and antibiotics. Lucky for  
 you it was near the surface.

RAILLY wraps the bullet in some gauze and sticks it in her pocket  
 while COLE continues staring up at the sky.

COLE  
 I love seeing the sun.

A beat. COLE stands, struggles to get his pants on, almost falls.

RAILLY  
 Wait -- let me help you.

RAILLY puts an arm around him. A beat. COLE leans closer and  
 shuts his eyes.

COLE  
 You smell so good.

RAILLY  
 (trying to concentrate)  
 You have to give yourself up, you know.

A beat. The spell is broken. Troubled suddenly, he grits his  
 teeth, enduring some inner struggle.

RAILLY  
 James, 'please, just...

She breaks off, shocked as his hand closes on her wrist in a vice-  
 like grip! Violence hovers as she looks into his eyes.

COLE  
 This isn't what I want. But I have a  
 mission.

RAILLY  
 I'll fight you, James. You can't...

She's twisting to get free but his grip is too much.

COLE  
 I'm really sorry.

He means it but his eyes are steely with purpose.

80 EXT. MASON MANSION- NIGHT

80

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT patrols vigilantly among the rows of luxury  
 cars parked beside the brightly-lit rural mansion until he comes to  
 a SECOND AGENT.

AGENT #1  
They find him?

AGENT #2  
Who??

AGENT #1  
That kid. The one in the pipe.

AGENT #2  
You believe this? They're dropping a monkey down there with a miniature infrared camera strapped on him and a roast beef sandwich wrapped in tinfoil.

AGENT #1  
You're making that up!

ANGLE UNDER A PARKED MERCEDES, where COLE is hiding, listening to the receding VOICES of the AGENTS.

AGENT #2 (o.s.)  
I shit you not. ... Man, life is weird!  
A monkey and a sandwich.

Quickly, COLE rolls to the next car and under it. He doesn't see...the pistol fell out of his pocket, under the Mercedes.

81 INT. MASON MANSION/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

81

A formal dinner for forty. Dessert has been served. DR. MALCOLM MASON rises to the enthusiastic applause of the GUESTS.

DR. MASON  
Would that I could enjoy this opulent Dinner and this excellent and stimulating company for itself, with no sense of purpose. But alas, I am "burdened" with the sense that with all this excess of public attention and this cacophony of praise, there comes great responsibility. Indeed, I practically feel a soapbox growing under my feet whenever I stand for more than a few seconds.

While GUESTS laugh at DR. MASON'S last remark, AGENT #1 enters the room, scowling, looking for someone.

DR. MASON (o.s.)  
The dangers of science are a time worn threat, from Prometheus stealing fire from the Gods to the Cold War era of the Dr. Strangelove Terror.

AGENT #1 spots who he's looking for. JEFFREY MASON!

DR. MASON (cont.)

But never before, not even at Los Alamos when the scientists made bets on whether their first atomic bomb test would wipe out New Mexico, has science given us so much reason to fear the power we have at hand.

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, as AGENT #1 whispers in his ear.

JEFFREY

What are you talking about? What friend?  
I'm not expecting anyone.

ANGLE ON DR. MASON, reacting with irritation to the disturbance.

DR. MASON

Current genetic engineering as well as my own work with viruses has presented us with powers as terrifying as any...

ANGLE ON JEFFREY, following the AGENT out of the dining room, grumbling loudly enough to disturb his father's audience.

JEFFREY

This is ridiculous. My father is making a major address.

82 INT. HALLWAY/MASON MANSION- NIGHT

82

The conversation continues as JEFFREY and AGENT #1 enter the hall.

AGENT #1

Normally if we caught a guy sneaking around like this with no I.D., we'd bust his ass, excuse the French, but this one said he knows you...

(smirk, smirk)

-- and, since you seem to have had some...uh...unusual...uh..."associates", we certainly didn't want to arrest one of your, uh, closest...pals.

83 INT. LIBRARY/MASON MANSION- NIGHT

83

COLE, smudged with dirt and car grease, sitting in the shadows in a wing back chair, looks up as JEFFREY and AGENT #1 enter the room. A THIRD AGENT looms beside the wing back chair.

JEFFREY  
 (dismissing Cole  
 casually)  
 Never saw him before in my life. Go  
 ahead and shoot him or torture him or  
 whatever it is you do.

COLE  
 (rising)  
 You do know me. You helped me once.

JEFFREY  
 That would be totally out of character.  
 Helping people is against my principles.  
 (turning to leave)  
 See, he definitely doesn't know me. Now,  
 I'm going to go back and listen to my  
 father's very eloquent discourse on the  
 perils of science WHILE YOU TORTURE THIS  
 INTRUDER TO DEATH.

COLE  
 I'm here about some monkeys.  
 Halfway out the door, JEFFREY freezes. A beat.

JEFFREY  
 Excuse me -- what did you say?

COLE  
 Monkeys'. Twelve of them.

JEFFREY frowns, turns, considers COLE. Then, suddenly, JEFFREY  
 rushes to COLE and embraces him.

JEFFREY  
 Arnold...Arnold.

COLE is astonished. The AGENTS are, too.

JEFFREY  
 My God, Arnie, what's happened to you?  
 You look like shit!

AGENT #3  
 You know this man?

JEFFREY  
 Of course I know him. What do you think --  
 I act like this to strangers?  
 (turning to Cole)  
 Christ, Arnie, it's black tie! I mean,  
 I said, "drop by," but, like, this is  
 Dad's big "do"...vips, senators, secret  
 service, and...and everything.

JEFFREY throws an arm around COLE'S shoulder and starts leading him toward the door as the two AGENTS exchange narrow-eyed looks.

AGENT #3

"Arnie?"

JEFFREY

Arnold Pettibone. Old Arnie Pettibone.  
Used to be my best friend. Still is.  
What've you lost, Arnie -- forty pounds?  
No wonder I didn't know you. You hungry?  
Lots of dead cow, dead lamb, dead pig.  
Real killer feast we're putting on  
tonight.

The AGENTS watch JEFFREY lead the limping, disheveled COLE out.

AGENT #1

These people -- all of 'em -- are true  
weirdos!

AGENT #3

I'm gonna call in a description of this  
"Pettibone" character. You go keep an  
eye on him. Make sure he doesn't do one  
of the guests with a fork.

84 INT. HALLWAY/MASON MANSION- NIGHT

84

GUESTS pouring from the dining room into the hall meet JEFFREY and a very disconcerted COLE.

JEFFREY

Hey, nice ta see ya. Lookin' good! Hi,  
there. Yes, it has been a long time.

In the b.g., too far away to hear them, AGENT #1 trails JEFFREY and COLE as they maneuver through the GUESTS toward the grand staircase.

JEFFREY

(whispers to COLE)  
County Hospital, right? 1990. The  
"Immaculate Escape" -- am I right?  
(smiling to guests)  
Why, thank you -- you look wonderful,  
too.

COLE

Listen to me -- I can't do anything about  
what you're going to do. I can't change  
anything. I can't stop you. I just want  
some information...



JEFFREY

We need to talk. Come on. Upstairs.

(to a guest)

I am a new person! I'm completely adjusted. Witness the tux. It's Armani.

(whispers to Cole)

Who chattered? Bruhns? Weller?

\*

COLE

I just need to have access to the pure virus, that's all! For the future!

JEFFREY reacts. COLE doesn't just talk crazy. He looks crazy!

JEFFREY

Come on, follow me. You don't look so good.

JEFFREY starts guiding COLE up the grand staircase as COLE, glancing back, spots AGENT #1 and AGENT #3, both keeping an eye on him now.

COLE

I don't have time to go upstairs. The police are looking for me. I need to know where it is and exactly what it is.

JEFFREY

I get it! This is your old plan, right?

COLE

Plan? What are you talking about?

JEFFREY

Remember? We were in the dayroom, watching TV, and you were all upset about the...desecration of the planet. And you said to me, "Wouldn't it be great if there was a germ or a virus that could wipe out mankind and leave the plants and animals just as they are?" You do remember that, don't you?

COLE

You're...you're trying to confuse me.

JEFFREY

And that's when I told you my father was this famous virologist and you said "Hey, he could make a germ and we could steal it!"

COLE  
 (grabbing Jeffrey)  
 Listen, you dumb fuck! The thing  
 mutates! We live underground! The world  
 belongs to the fucking dogs and cats.  
 We're like moles or worms. All we want  
 to do is study the original...

AGENT #3'S VOICE  
 Okay -- take it easy. We know who you  
 are, Mr. Cole.

COLE feels a firm grip on his shoulder, turns and sees the AGENTS.

AGENT #1  
 Let's go somewhere and talk this thing  
 over. Okay? Just come with us...

JEFFREY  
 You're right! Absolutely right. He's a  
 nut case, totally deranged. Delusional!  
 Paranoid. HIS PROCESSOR'S ALL FUCKED UP,  
 HIS INFORMATION TRAY IS JAMMED.

COLE is like a trapped animal. He's being led down the staircase  
 now with JEFFREY, right on his heels, yelling so EVERYONE can hear.

JEFFREY  
 YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS, THE "ARMY OF THE  
 TWELVE MONKEYS"? IT'S A COLLECTION OF  
 NATURE 'KOOKS WHO RUN A STORE DOWNTOWN.  
 SPACE-CASE DO-GOODERS SAVING RAIN  
 FORESTS. I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE  
 BOZOS ANYMORE. I QUIT BEING THE RICH KID  
 FALL GUY FOR A BUNCH OF INEFFECTUAL  
 BANANAS. SO MUCH FOR YOUR GRAND PLOT!

COLE looks back at JEFFREY. It sounds true! JEFFREY'S so  
 confident.

AGENT #3  
 Take it easy, Mr. Mason, we've got him.  
 Everything's...

JEFFREY  
 MY FATHER HAS BEEN WARNING PEOPLE ABOUT  
 THE DANGERS OF EXPERIMENTATION WITH  
 VIRUSES AND DNA FOR YEARS. YOU'VE  
 "PROCESSED" THAT INFORMATION THROUGH YOUR  
 ADDLED PARANOID INFRA-STRUCTURE AND LO  
 AND BEHOLD, I'M FRANKENSTEIN AND THE  
 "ARMY OF THE TWELVE MONKEYS" BECOMES SOME  
 SORT OF SINISTER REVOLUTIONARY CABAL.  
 THIS MAN IS TOTALLY BATSHIT! YOU KNOW  
 WHERE HE THINKS HE COMES FROM???

Suddenly, COLE, catching the AGENTS by surprise, wrenches free, shoves them aside, and stumbles down the rest of the staircase.

85 INT. FOYER/MASON MANSION- NIGHT

85

COLE heads for the front door, but AGENT #2 is there so COLE turns and limps madly through the crowd of amazed GUESTS.

86 INT. DINING ROOM/MASON MANSION- NIGHT

86

SERVANTS, clearing the table, look up astonished as AGENTS #1 and #3 burst into the room.

AGENT #3

Did a man just come through here...limping?

87 INT. KITCHEN/MASON MANSION- NIGHT

87

ANGLE ON A TV SCREEN, where a tiny MONKEY, wide-eyed, trembling in terror, clutches a small parcel as he is lowered into a narrow pipe.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

--- assure us there will be no negative psychological effects to the monkey.

ANGLE ON KITCHEN STAFFERS, pausing in their post-prandial tasks, staring at the TV.

A COOK

You ask me, that monkey's gonna eat that goddamn sandwich himself. If I...

Just then, AGENTS #1 bursts into the kitchen and look around wildly.

AGENT #1

Anybody see somebody run through here?

The STAFFERS all look dumbfounded.

ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN, where the news now features the photo of RAILLY.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

This just in: Police say that the body of a woman found strangled in the Knutson State Park could be kidnap victim, Dr. Kathryn Raily.

ANGLE ON AGENT, going to a window, opening it.

87A EXT. MASON MANSION- NIGHT

87A

AGENT #1'S POV OUT THE WINDOW: AGENT #2, pistol drawn, moving cautiously among the rows of parked CARS, reacts to the sound of the window, whirls, spots AGENT #1. Relaxing, AGENT #2 gives a "palms up" gesture indicating there's no sign of COLE.

SCENE #87 CONTINUES...

ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN, showing a photo of RAILLY's abandoned Acura.

TV ANCHOR (v.o.)

Earlier in the day, police located Raily's abandoned car not far from a building where three animal rights activists were found bound and gagged...

ANGLE ON AGENT #3, entering the kitchen, addressing AGENT #1.

AGENT #3

Any sign of him?

AGENT #1

Nothing.

AGENT #3

He can't just disappear!

SCENE #88- #106 DELETED

106A EXT. "MYSTERIOUS PLACE" (WOODS)- NIGHT

106A

At first it looks like "time travel"! A blur of strobing lines. Then we HEAR GASPING SOUNDS... PANTING!

Gradually, the blurring lines become tree trunks silhouetted against a luminous moon and we DISCOVER COLE, dashing frantically through the woods like a hunted animal, desperately sucking wind as branches tear at his clothes, slap at his face.

107 INT. TRUNK/FORD- NIGHT

107

Total blackness! The sound of keys in the lock. Then, the trunk swings open and COLE stands in the moonlight, looking down.

RAILLY is in the trunk, tears of rage and frustration in her eyes.

RAILLY

You bastard! You total bastard!

108 EXT. FORD- NIGHT

108

COLE backs away, as RAILLY scrambles out of the trunk, swinging, and WE REVEAL THE FORD, parked in a clearing in the woods.

He slips, falls, and she starts kicking him as she rants hysterically.

RAILLY

I could have died in there. If something had happened to you I would have died.

COLE is lying on the ground, looking up, his lip caked with blood.

COLE

I...I...I'm really sorry.

Noticing his cuts and torn clothes, she stops kicking him.

RAILLY

What have you done? Did you...kill someone?

COLE

No! I...don't think so. \*

(getting to his feet, horrified)

I mean... maybe I killed... millions of people! Billions! \*

RAILLY

What????

COLE

I...I'm sorry I locked you up. I thought...I thought...

(then, suddenly)

Do you think... I might be... crazy? \*

She looks at him. Break through? Very calm now, the doctor.

RAILLY

What made you think that?

COLE

Jeffrey Mason said it was my idea about the virus. And suddenly, I wasn't sure. We talked when I was in the institution, and it was all...fuzzy. The drugs and stuff. ... You think maybe I'm the one who wiped out the human race? It was my idea?

RAILLY

Nobody is going to wipe out the human race. Not you or Jeffrey or anybody else. You've created something in your mind, James -- a substitute reality. In order to avoid something you don't want to face.

COLE

I'm... "mentally divergent". I would love to believe that.

RAILLY

It can be dealt with, but only if you want to. I can help you.

COLE reacts to the sound of VOICES in the woods, dogs BARKING.

COLE

I need help all right. They're after me!  
Chasing me!

RAILLY

Who, James? Who is "after you"?

COLE

I think... I think some of the people at the party were... policemen!

RAILLY

Party! You went to a...?  
(pulling herself  
together)

Nevermind! If that's the police, it's important that you surrender to them instead of them catching you running. Okay?

COLE

It would be great if I'm crazy. if I'm wrong about everything... the world will be okay. I'll never have to live underground.

The BARKING of dogs is closer.

RAILLY

Give me the gun.

COLE

The gun! ... I lost it.

RAILLY

You're sure?

COLE  
 (nodding, looking up)  
 Stars! Air! I can live here. Breathe!

RAILLY starts around to the front of the car.

RAILLY  
 I'm going to attract their attention, let  
 them know where we are, okay?

RAILLY gets in the driver's seat...and starts to HONK the horn.

RAILLY  
 (calling out)  
 They'll tell you to put your hands on top  
 of your head. Do what they tell you.  
 you're going to get better, James -- I  
 know it!

ANGLE ON COLE, spotting something on the ground. A CROCUS, poking  
 up through dead leaves. He picks up some leaves, rubs them all  
 over his face, tastes them. As the HORN BLARES, he looks up at the  
 sky, the moon full, a million stars glittering.

COLE  
 I love this world!

COLE weeps, tears of joy running down his face.

ANGLE ON RAILLY,,in the car, hearing SHOUTS from the woods. The  
 police are almost here. She gets out, starts around toward COLE.

RAILLY  
 Remember, I'm going to help you. I'll  
 stay with you. I won't let them...

She breaks off mid-sentence...stares, stunned!

COLE is gone. Disappeared.

109 INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - MORNING

109

RAILLY is being "debriefed" by POLICE OFFICERS and FBI AGENTS.

RAILLY  
 Then I said something to him about  
 cooperating and he said he would do that,  
 so I got in the car and started honking  
 the horn. When I got out, he was gone.

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN  
 You lucked out. For a while we thought  
 you were a body they found down state...  
 mutilated.

A COP enters, hands a photo to LIEUTENANT HALPERIN who studies it.

RAILLY  
He wouldn't do something like that --  
he...

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN  
(interrupts, hands her  
the photo)  
This the man he attacked?

RAILLY looks at the photo, an 8 x 10 of the FIRST THUG, slumped  
against the alley wall, obviously dead.

RAILLY  
I'd like to be clear about this. That  
man and the other one were..."severely"  
beating us. James Cole didn't start it.  
In fact -- he saved me!

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN  
Funny thing, Doctor, maybe you can  
explain it to me, you being a  
psychiatrist -- why do kidnap victims  
almost always try to tell us about the  
guys who grabbed 'em and try to make us  
understand how kind these bastards really  
were?

RAILLY  
(as if reciting)  
It's a normal reaction to a life-  
threatening situation.  
(suddenly animated)  
He's sick. He thinks he comes from the  
future. He's been living in a carefully  
constructed fantasy world and that world  
is starting to disintegrate. He needs  
help!

110 INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE/THE DREAM

110

YOUNG COLE stares, eyes wide.

He sees the BLONDE WOMAN, cradling the head of the BLONDE MAN as he  
sprawls on the concourse...

ASTROPHYSICIST'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Wake up! Wake up!

GEOLOGIST'S VOICE (o.s.)  
I think we gave him too much.

MICROBIOLOGIST'S VOICE (o.s.)  
WAKE UP, PRISONER!



111 INT. LIMBO - ETERNAL NIGHT

111

COLE blinks awake in an environment that's vague and out of focus. Blurry faces hover over him, voices hammer him with questions.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
Come on, Cole, cooperate!

GEOLOGIST  
Spit it out... you went to the home of a famous virologist...

COLE  
You...don't...exist! You're in my mind...

BOTANIST  
Speak up, Cole. What did you do next?

112 INT. RAILLY'S APARTMENT- EVENING

112

The TV shows film of RAILLY leaving the police station.

TV REPORTER (v.o.)  
Exhausted, but apparently unharmed by her 30 hour ordeal, Dr. Railyly returned to Baltimore this morning without making a public statement.

RAILLY'S friends, MARILLOU and WAYNE, are watching the TV.

A door opens and RAILLY, in a robe, holding her cat, comes out of her bedroom as WAYNE hastily turns down the TV.

WAYNE  
Sorry.

RAILLY  
No -- I'm in a state of hyper-alertness. I can't sleep.

MARILLOU  
Did you take the sedative?

RAILLY  
I hate those things. They mess my head up.

The old mug shot of COLE appears on the screen and RAILLY remotes the volume up.

TV REPORTER (v.o.)  
 Along with the kidnapping of the  
 Baltimore woman, James Cole is now also  
 wanted in connection with the brutal  
 slaying of Rodney Wiggins, an ex-convict  
 from...

RAILLY goes to the window, pushes aside the drape, and sees...

112A EXT. RAILLY'S APARTMENT- EVENING

112A

HER POV: ACROSS THE STREET...A COP keeps watch.

RAILLY (o.s.)  
 Do they really expect him to come here?

SCENE #112 CONTINUES...

\*

RAILLY heads for the kitchen area where MARILOU is getting tea things out.

TV REPORTER ON AIR  
 And in Fresno, California...

RAILLY  
 (glances sadly toward  
 the TV)  
 He's dead, isn't he -- that little boy?

WAYNE  
 He's fine. It was just a "prank" he and  
 his friends pulled.

CLOSE ON RAILLY'S FACE...SHOCKED.

ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN, showing footage of a sheepish nine year old boy led out of a barn by the POLICE.

TV REPORTER (v.o.)  
 Authorities have so far been noncommittal  
 about whether they will try to file  
 charges against the family of the  
 children involved in this hoax.

113 INT. "HOSPITAL" ROOM- ETERNAL NIGHT

113

VOICES! SINGING! COLE blinks awake, looks around, confused, then stares in disbelief...

Crowded around COLE'S bed, the SCIENTISTS are concluding a ragged, out of tune, rendition of "BLUEBERRY HILL."

SCIENTISTS  
 ---found my thrills on Blueberry Hill...

Seeing he's awake, SCIENTISTS break off the song and applaud.

SCIENTISTS

Well done, James! Well done! Nice going! Congratulations! Good for you!

BOTANIST

During your "interview," while you were..."under the influence," you told us you liked music!

COLE, confused, looks around, sees he's in a one-bed windowless room adorned with cheap reproductions of 19th century landscapes.

The BOTANIST responds to COLE'S obvious disbelief with a friendly smile and the others join in rapid fire, overlapping.

ZOOLOGIST

This isn't the prison, James.

BOTANIST

This is a hospital.

ASTROPHYSICIST

But just until you recover your, uh,...equilibrium.

ENGINEER

You're still a little...disoriented.

GEOLOGIST

Stress! Time travel!

ASTROPHYSICIST

You stood up very well, considering...

GEOLOGIST

Superior work! Superior!

BOTANIST

You connected the Army of the 12 Monkeys to a world famous virologist and his son...

MICROBIOLOGIST

Others will take over now...

ZOOLOGIST

We'll be back on the surface in a matter of months...

BOTANIST

We'll retake the planet.

ASTROPHYSICIST

We're very close! Because of you!

ENGINEER  
(unrolling a document)  
This is it, James...what you've been  
working for.

BOTANIST  
A full pardon!

MICROBIOLOGIST  
You'll be out of here in no time...

GEOLOGIST  
Women will want to get to know you...

COLE  
I DON'T WANT YOUR "WOMEN," YOU BRAINGLESS  
TWIT! I WANT TO BE WELL!

Unseen until now, TINY and SCARFACE, suddenly break through the ring  
of SCIENTISTS, push COLE down, and tighten the loose restraints,  
already in place, but unnoticed before.

ASTROPHYSICIST  
Of course you want to be well, James.  
And you will be...soon.

COLE bursts into hysterical laughter.

COLE  
YOU DON'T EXIST, YOU SILLY BOZOS! YOU'RE  
NOT REAL! HA HA HA! PEOPLE DON'T TRAVEL  
IN TIME! YOU AREN'T HERE. I MADE YOU  
UP! YOU CAN'T TRICK ME! YOU'RE IN MY  
MIND! I'M INSANE AND YOU'RE MY INSANITY!

INT. FLETCHER'S OFFICE- DAY

114 \*

CLOSE ON KATHRYN RAILLY, insisting fiercely to someone,

RAILLY  
He not only used the word "prank" -- he  
said the boy was hiding in a barn.

RAILLY'S talking to her former boss, DR. OWEN FLETCHER,  
psychiatrist, sitting across from her, taping his pen on the arm on  
the chair.

DR. FLETCHER  
He kidnapped you, Kathryn. You saw him  
murder someone. You knew there was a  
real possibility he would kill you, too.  
You were under tremendous emotional  
stress.

RAILLY

For God sakes, Owen, listen to me -- he knew about the boy in Fresno and he says three billion people are going to die!

DR. FLETCHER

Kathryn, you know he can't possibly know that. You're a rational person. You're a trained psychiatrist. You know the difference between what's real and what's not.

RAILLY

And what we believe is what's accepted as "truth" now, isn't it, Owen? Psychiatry -- it's the latest religion. And we're the priests -- we decide what's right and what's wrong -- we decide who's crazy and who isn't. I'm in trouble, Owen. I'm losing my faith.

115 INT. "HOSPITAL" CELL- ETERNAL NIGHT

115

Alone in his "hospital" room, COLE struggles without success to free himself from his restraints.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

You sure fucked up, Bob!

Startled, COLE freezes, then ignores the RASPY VOICE and continues his feverish struggle.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

But I can understand you don't want your mistakes pointed out to you. I can relate to that, old Bob.

COLE looks around in spite of himself. Nothing to see but the walls and the landscape paintings.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

Hey, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking I don't exist except in your head. I can see that point of view. But you could still talk to me, couldn't you? Carry on a decent conversation?

COLE

I saw you! In 1996! In the real world! You pulled out your teeth.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

Why would I pull out my teeth, Bob? They don't like that. That's a no-no. And when did you say you saw me? In...1872?

COLE  
FUCK YOU!

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)  
Yelling won't get you what you want. You  
have to be smart to get what you want.

COLE  
Oh, yeah? What do I want?

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)  
You don't know what you want? Sure you  
do, Bob. You know what you want.

COLE, agitated, rocks back and forth. Then...

COLE  
Tell me. Tell me what I want.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)  
To see the sky -- and the ocean -- to be  
topside -- breathe the air -- to be with  
her. ... Isn't that right? Isn't that  
what you want?

Completely shaken, COLE hesitates for a long moment. When he  
speaks, it comes out of him like air...a whisper.

COLE  
More...than...anything.

116 INT. RAILLY'S BEDROOM- MORNING

116

RAILLY'S asleep, having a bad dream. Suddenly the bedside phone  
RINGS. Her eyes snap open. She reaches for the phone.

117 INTERCUT LIEUTENANT HALPERIN'S OFFICE/RAILLY'S BEDROOM- MORNING

117

CLOSE ON HALPERIN, at his desk, talking into the phone.

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN  
Dr. Raily? Jim Halperin, Philly, P.D..  
Sorry to call so early but...

116A INT. RAILLY'S BEDROOM- MORNING

116A

CLOSE ON RAILLY, eager, concerned, into the phone,

RAILLY  
You found him? Is he all right?

INTERCUT LIEUTENANT HALPERIN'S OFFICE- MORNING

117A

CLOSE ON HALPERIN, noting her reaction with raised eyebrows, giving an "I told you so" look to DETECTIVE GOINES across his desk, then continuing into the phone,

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN  
 Au contraire, Doctor. No sign of your good friend, the kidnapper. However, the plot thickens. I have a ballistic report on my desk that says the bullet you claim you removed from Mr. Cole's thigh is an antique...and all indications are it was fired...sometime prior to 1920.

INT. RAILLY'S BEDROOM- MORNING

116A

ANGLE ON RAILLY, reacting, stunned.

INTERCUT LIEUTENANT HALPERIN'S OFFICE- MORNING

117A

ANGLE ON HALPERIN, continuing soberly now.

LIEUTENANT HALPERIN  
 So what I was thinking, how 'bout I take a little spin down there and maybe we could have a bite to eat and maybe you might wanna revise or amplify your statement... Hello? Hello? Dr. Raily?

HALPERIN considers the dead phone, then glances at the DETECTIVE again.

INT. RAILLY'S BEDROOM/STUDY- MORNING

118

Raily, shocked, hurries into her study and starts frantically pulling neatly arranged piles of papers and books from a bookcase until she finds a copy of her book. She leafs through it hurriedly, locates the pictures of the Puerto Rican KID (JOSE) in WWI.

Peering closely, she tries to see everything in the picture. Then, she turns and reaches for a research folder of old photographs and rummages through it until she finds...!!!

RAILLY

No!

It's an uncropped shot of JOSE being carried on the stretcher in the trenches. And there in the corner with no helmet, no gas mask, and just a bit of bare shoulder showing...it's COLE!!!

INT. SCIENTISTS CHAMBER- ETERNAL NIGHT

119 \*

Clean shaven, clear eyed. Cole sits before the frowning SCIENTISTS. \*

## GEOLOGIST

The food, the sky, the certain, uh, sexual temptations -- you haven't become "addicted" have you, Cole? to that "dying" world?

## COLE

No, sir! I just want to do my part. To get us back on top... in charge of the planet. And I have the experience, I know who the people are...

## BIOLOGIST

He really is the most qualified...

## ENGINEER

But all that..."behavior"...

## ASTROPHYSICIST

(to Cole, a little hurt)  
You said we weren't "real," Cole...

## COLE

Well, sir, I don't think the human mind was built to exist in two different... whatever you call it..."dimensions." It's stressful, you said it yourselves, it gets you confused. You don't know what's real and what's not.

## MICROBIOLOGIST

But you know what's real now?

## COLE

Yes, sir.

The SCIENTISTS start to confer openly among themselves.

## BOTANIST

He'd have to bone up, catch up to our research, the latest clues...

## ZOOLOGIST

He's proved to be a quick study...

The ASTROPHYSICIST fixes COLE with a sharp, penetrating look.

## ASTROPHYSICIST

You can't trick us, you know. It wouldn't work.

## BIOLOGIST

And why would you want to? It'll be dangerously close to the end.



COLE

I understand. There'd be no point.

ASTROPHYSICIST

We're going to think about it, Cole.  
Among ourselves. We'll get back to you.

120 INT. DR. MASON'S OFFICE- DAY

120

Standing in front of a wall of glass in his office, overlooking a hi-tech lab below where WORKERS in white "space suits" work methodically, DR. MASON speaks angrily into a phone. His male ASSISTANT, whose features we don't see, stops writing a formula on a blackboard and listens.

DR. MASON

You have reason to believe that my son  
may be planning to do what?!!!

121 INT. RAILLY'S APARTMENT/STUDY- DAY

121

RAILLY, trying to stay calm, is talking to Dr. Mason on the phone.

RAILLY

Please, I know it sounds insane but...

22 INT. DR. MASON'S OFFICE- DAY

122

DR. MASON

(into the phone)

I'm afraid this doesn't seem very professional to me, in fact it's distressingly unprofessional for some-one who treated my son briefly (if indeed you actually are who you say you are) to take a sudden unsolicited interest in his mental health six years later, and to telephone a parent to express opinions that would be inappropriate...

(breaks off, listens,  
then)

I don't know anything about "Monkey armies", Doctor. Nothing whatsoever. If my son ever was involved in...

(listens, then,)

It would be doubly inappropriate to discuss matters of security with you, Dr. Raily, but if it will put you at ease, neither my son nor any other unauthorized person has access to any potentially dangerous organisms in this laboratory. Thank you for your concern.

DR. MASON hangs up angrily and glares.

DR. MASON'S ASSISTANT (o.s.)  
Dr. "Kathryn" Railyly????

DR. MASON  
The psychiatrist who was kidnapped by  
that man who broke into my house. She  
seems to have been suddenly struck by the  
most preposterous notion about Jeffrey.

DR. MASON'S ASSISTANT (o.s.)  
I attended a lecture of hers once...  
Apocalyptic visions.

We see Dr. Mason's ASSISTANT now. It's DR. PETERS, the red-haired  
man who insisted to Dr. Railyly you didn't have to be insane to  
think the world was coming to an end.

DR. PETERS (cont.)  
Has she succumbed to her own  
theoretical..."Cassandra" disease?

But DR. MASON is lost in thought, not listening.

DR. MASON  
Given the nature of our work, we can't  
ever be careful enough. I think we  
should review our security procedures,  
perhaps upgrade them.

123 INT. SCIENTISTS' CHAMBER- ETERNAL NIGHT

123

COLE is facing the BOTANIST who's using a pointer to indicate  
various fading photos and newspaper clippings tacked on the wall.

BOTANIST  
Let's consider again our current  
information -- if the symptoms were first  
detected in Philadelphia on December 27,  
1996, that makes us know that...?

COLE  
It was released in Philadelphia, probably  
on December 13, 1996.

BOTANIST  
And it appeared sequentially after that  
in...?

With a quick glance at the panel of SCIENTISTS staring at him from  
behind the long table, COLE replies like a good pupil,

COLE  
San Francisco, New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Kinshasa, Karachi, Bangkok, then Peking.

BOTANIST  
Meaning...???

COLE  
That the virus was taken from Philadelphia to San Francisco, then to New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Kinshasa, Karachi, Bangkok, then Peking.

BOTANIST  
And your only goal is...???

COLE  
To find out where the virus is so a qualified scientist can travel back into the past and study the original virus.

BOTANIST  
So that...????

COLE  
Uh, so that a vaccine can be developed that will, uh, allow mankind to reclaim the surface of the earth.

COLE glances nervously at the suspicious SCIENTISTS as the BOTANIST switches on a slide projector and projects...

a magazine photo of wall graffiti: "ATTENTION!!! POLICE ARE WATCHING! IS THERE A VIRUS? IS THIS THE SOURCE? 3 BILLION DIE?"

BOTANIST (o.s)  
This is from a magazine printed in the Spring of 1997. The writer speculated that this graffiti might be related to the epidemic that by that time had already killed thirty million people world-wide and was getting worse. He says, certain people, unnamed, were questioned, but what came of that is not known. But it is a clue you should pursue.

COLE stares at the picture.

124 EXT. FAA STOREFRONT- DAY

124

LOUD BANGING! Poster images of animal atrocities shiver spookily as the surface they cover is rattled violently by RAILLY who's beating on the window like a mad woman. BANG! BANG! BANG!

RAILLY  
 IS ANYBODY IN THERE? HELLO? IS SOMEONE  
 IN THERE? IF YOU'RE IN THERE, I NEED TO  
 TALK TO YOU.

125 INT. FAA STORE- DAY

125

JEFFREY, BEE, TEDDY, and two of JEFFREY'S youthful cohorts,  
 KWESKIN, and ANOTHER ACTIVIST wait motionless beside a heap of \*  
 cardboard cartons as FALE peeks out the front window through a slit  
 between posters.

FALE  
 It's the kidnap woman -- the one who was  
 with the guy who tied us up.

BEE  
 What's she doing?

FALE  
 She's drawing attention to us, that's  
 what she's doing. ... I don't know what  
 you're up to this time, Mason, but you're  
 gonna get us in deep shit!

JEFFREY  
 Whine, whine, whine. What about walkie  
 talkies? We used to have walkie talkies.

126 EXT. FAA STOREFRONT- DAY

126

From littered doorways, DERELICTS sneak peeks at RAILLY as,  
 seemingly mad, she rattles the doorknob, then pounds the door.

RAILLY  
 I SAW YOU! I SAW SOMEONE MOVING! I KNOW  
 YOU'RE IN THERE!

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)  
 Secret experiments!

RAILLY whirls, sees LOUIE, the raspy-voiced toothless derelict.

LOUIE  
 That's what they do -- secret weird  
 stuff!

RAILLY  
 You! I know you!

But LOUIE is studying the pictures of the tortured animals now.

LOUIE  
Not just on them. Do 'em on people, too --  
down at the shelters. Feed 'em chemicals  
'n take pictures of 'em.

RAILLY  
Have you see James Cole? The man...?

LOUIE  
They're watchin' you. Takin' pictures.

RAILLY follows his look.

ANGLE ON AN OLD CHEVY, parked across the street, DETECTIVE GOINES \*  
slouched at the wheel, pretending to read a newspaper.

RAILLY  
The police. I know. Listen, I need to  
talk to James, but he has to be careful  
how he contacts me. He musn't get  
caught. Do you understand me?

LOUIE  
Uh, yeah, sure. Uh...who's James?

RAILLY  
He was with me, he spoke to you. Several  
weeks ago. He said you were from the  
future...watching him.

LOUIE gives her a look that says, "You're crazy -- I'm outta here!"

But just then, RAILLY spots two TEENAGE PUNKS surreptitiously  
"tagging" their way along the street with cans of spray paint.

RAILLY stares at the PUNKS and their paint cans.

127 INT. FAA STORE- DAY

127

FALE watches JEFFREY go over a checklist while KWESKIN, TEDDY, and \*  
ANOTHER ACTIVIST organize materials, and BEE peeks out the small \*  
opening between posters at the front window.

JEFFREY  
You get the bolt cutters?

KWESKIN  
One dozen. They're in the van.

BEE  
Hey! Do you know what she's doing?

Everybody freezes, looking toward BEE, who's peeking outside.

Then, except for JEFFREY, they all crowd around BEE to get a look.

127A EXT. FAA STORE- DAY

127A

POV THROUGH SLIT: a glimpse of RAILLY, spray-painting the front of the store!

SCENE #127 CONTINUES...

\*

TEDDY  
What's it say?

BEE  
I can't see it.

JEFFREY  
WHY DON'T WE FORGET MY GODDAMN  
PSYCHIATRIST AND DEAL WITH THE TASK AT  
HAND! THIS IS IMPORTANT.

FALE  
(spinning around)  
Your psychiatrist? Did you just say,  
"your psychiatrist"?

JEFFREY  
Ex-psychiatrist! Now, what about  
flashlights? How many flashlights...?

FALE  
That woman is...was...your...  
psychiatrist? And now she's spray-  
painting our building?

128 EXT. FAA STOREFRONT/SECOND AVENUE- DAY

128

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE GOINES, across the street in the CHEVY, amazed, \*  
watching RAILLY spray-painting, shaking his head wearily.

ANGLE ON STREET TYPES, inching closer, watching RAILLY with  
amazement, too. They include...

an IRISH DRUNK, white haired, red-faced, bloated, a NATIVE AMERICAN  
with tormented eyes and a mangled ear, a one-eyed AFRICAN AMERICAN,  
the TEENAGED PUNKS...and a WHITE MAN, shabbily dressed, joining the  
knot of ONLOOKERS, reacting at the sight of RAILLY. It's COLE! He  
pushes toward her.

COLE  
Kathryn!

RAILLY stops spraying, whips around at the sound of his VOICE.

RAILLY  
James!

With a quick glance toward DETECTIVE GOINES, RAILLY takes urgent charge of the situation. \*

RAILLY

James! That's a policeman. Pretend you don't know me. If he sees you...

COLE

(turning, looking)

No, I want to turn myself in. Where is he?

(placing his hands on his head)

Don't worry -- it's all okay now. I'm not crazy anymore! I mean, I am crazy, mentally divergent, actually, but I know it now and I want you to help me. I want to get well...

ANGLE ON RAILLY, desperately pulling COLE'S hands off his head as she tries to block the DETECTIVE'S view of COLE. \*

RAILLY

James -- put your hands down and listen to me. Things have changed!

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE GOINES, checking the mug shot of COLE on his clipboard, then reaching for his radio mike. \*

ANGLE ON RAILLY, reacting to the DETECTIVE speaking into his mike: she tosses the spray paint can aside, grabs COLE and tries to pull him along...but COLE isn't moving. He's staring at the front of the FAA store with disbelief! \*

RAILLY

James, come on! We have to get out of here!

COLE looks from the wall to the can rolling on the sidewalk, then back to the wall where RAILLY has sprayed the huge words:

ATTENTION!!! POLICE  
ARE WATCHING! IS THERE  
A VIRUS? IS THIS THE  
SOURCE? THREE BILLION  
DIE?

It's the graffiti COLE saw in the future, in the picture!

COLE

I've seen that...before.

But RAILLY'S total attention is on their dilemma.

RAILLY

James, trust me. We're in terrible trouble. We have to run.

Very confused, COLE lets her drag him along the sidewalk, past ONLOOKERS. She looks crazier than he does.

ANGLE ON THE CHEVY, making a sudden, urgent u-turn, almost colliding with a passing car. BRAKES SQUEAL and a HORN BLARES.

129 INT. FAA STORE - DAY

129

ANGLE ON BEE, peeking out, reacting to the drama.

BEE

Wow, a guy in a Chevy is chasing her and some other guy I can't see.

FALE

Hey, no problem it's probably just another kidnapping featuring Jeffrey's shrink, pardon me, make that ex-shrink.

(indicating Jeffrey to the others)

This is your leader, a certifiable lunatic who told his former psychiatrist all his plans for God knows what whacko irresponsible schemes, and now who knows what she's painted out there on our wall?

JEFFREY

WHO CARES WHAT PSYCHIATRISTS WRITE ON WALLS?

(moves to Fale, jabs him with a finger)

You think I told her about the Army of the 12 Monkeys? Impossible! Know why, you pathetically ineffectual and pusillanimous "pretend-friend-to-animals"? I'll tell you why: because when I had anything to do with her six years ago, there was no such thing -- I hadn't even thought of it yet!

FALE

(triumphant)

Then how come she knows what's going on?

JEFFREY abruptly switches from rage to good humor, adopting a supercilious smile and a patronizing tone.



JEFFREY

Here's my theory on that. While I was institutionalized, my brain was studied exhaustively in the guise of mental health. I was interrogated, x-rayed, examined thoroughly. Then, everything about me was entered into a computer where they created a model of my mind.

They all stare, mesmerized, at the strutting JEFFREY.

JEFFREY (cont.)

Then, using the computer model, they generated every thought I could possibly have in the next, say ten years, which they then filtered through a probability matrix to determine everything I was going to do in that period. So you see, she knew I was going to lead the Army of the Twelve Monkeys into the pages of history before it ever even occurred to me. She knows everything I'm ever going to do before I know it myself. How about that?

JEFFREY smiles smugly into FALE'S flabbergasted face.

JEFFREY

Now I have to get going -- do my part. You guys check all this stuff out and load up the van. Make sure you have everything. I'm outta here.

JEFFREY exits. The others stare at the door.

FALE

He's seriously crazy -- you know that.

130 EXT. SKID ROW ALLEY- DAY

130

An overflowing dumpster squats near the mouth of an alley.

The unmarked CHEVY crawls slowly past the alley, DETECTIVE GOINES'S eyes searching everywhere.

Trash stirs in the dumpster and RAILLY'S eyes peer up out of the torn cardboard boxes, rotting food, and styrofoam litter.

HER POV: the POLICE CAR passes from view.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, emerging from the refuse, hissing,

RAILLY

James! Come on.

A confused COLE emerges from the opposite end of the dumpster, bits of lettuce in his hair.

COLE  
I don't understand what we're doing.

RAILLY  
(climbing out of the  
dumpster)  
We're avoiding the police until I  
can...talk to you.

COLE  
(climbing out after her)  
You mean, treat me? Cure me? Kathryn,  
those words on the wall -- I've seen them  
before... I...I...dreamed them.

But she's not listening. She's peeking out the alley entrance.

130A EXT. GLOBE HOTEL- DAY

130A

Establishing shot.

RAILLY'S POV: across the street is a run-down skid row hotel, THE  
GLOBE, ROOMS WEEKLY, DAILY.

131 INT. GLOBE HOTEL/LOBBY- MINUTES LATER

131

The HOTEL CLERK, an old alkie who hates trouble but finds it often,  
stares across the counter suspiciously at RAILLY and COLE.

HOTEL CLERK  
Thirty-five bucks an hour.

\*

RAILLY  
An hour?!

HOTEL CLERK  
You want quarter hours, go someplace  
else.

\*

Spotting an obvious HOOKER coming down the stairs, RAILLY catches  
on, turns back to the CLERK, pulls out her last bills.

RAILLY  
Here's...twenty...twenty-five...twenty-  
seven. For an hour. Deal?

The HOTEL CLERK squints warily at this turn of events. Then, he  
turns, gets a key, turns back and hands it to her.

\*

HOTEL CLERK

One hour, Honey-Babe. Number forty-four.  
Fourth floor. Up the stairs... enda the  
hall. Elevator's busted.

RAILLY takes the key and turns, but COLE HISSES to the HOTEL CLERK,

COLE

She's not..."Honey-Babe". She's a  
doctor. She's my psychiatrist. You got  
that?

COLE turns and follows RAILLY to the stairs, passing gloomy  
RESIDENTS.

ANGLE ON THE HOTEL CLERK, watching the duo disappear up the stairs.  
Mumbling, he picks up the phone and punches in a number.

HOTEL CLERK

Whatever gets it up for you, Jack.  
(into the phone now)  
Tommy? This is Charlie over at the  
Globe. You know if Wallace has a new  
girl? Sort of a rookie type? A little  
weird -- does fantasy acts...

132 INT. GLOBE HOTEL ROOM 44- MINUTES LATER (DAY)

132

COLE sits on the lumpy bed in the dingy room, watching RAILLY pace  
back and forth like a mad woman.

RAILLY

Okay...you were standing there looking at  
the moon...you were eating leaves...  
then what?

COLE

I thought I was in...prison again.

RAILLY

Just like that? You were in prison?

COLE

No, not really. It's...it's in my mind.  
Like you said.

RAILLY

You disappeared! One minute you were  
there, the next minute you were gone.  
Did you run through the woods?

COLE

I don't know -- I don't remember.

RAILLY

The boy in the well. How did you know that was just a hoax?

COLE

It was? I didn't...know.

RAILLY

James, you said he was hiding in the barn...

COLE

I think I saw a TV show like that when I was a kid. Where a boy...

RAILLY

IT WASN'T A TV SHOW! IT WAS REAL!

COLE looks at her. She's really upset.

COLE

Well, maybe that kid saw the same TV show and copied it. Listen, you were right, it's all in my head. I'm mentally ill, I imagine all that stuff. I know they're not real, I can trick them, make them do what I want. I just worked on them in my head and I got back here. I can get better. I can stay here.

RAILLY pulls a photo from her purse, shows it to COLE.

It's the uncropped picture from her book, the photo of JOSE in WWI with a fuzzy image of COLE on the edge of the frame.

RAILLY

What does this mean to you?

COLE

(upset)

I...I had a dream about...something like that.

RAILLY

You had a bullet from World War One in your leg, James. How did it get there?

COLE

You said I had delusions -- that I created a world -- you said you could explain everything...

RAILLY

Well, I can't...I mean, I'm trying to.  
I can't believe that everything we do or  
say has already happened, that we can't  
change what's going to happen, that I'm  
one of the three billion people who are  
going to die...soon.

COLE stands, moves close to her.

COLE

I want to be here. In this time. With  
you. I want to become...become a whole  
person. I want this to be the present.  
I want the future to be unknown.

RAILLY

(sudden hopeful idea!)  
James...do you remember...six years  
ago...you had a phone number! You tried  
to call and...

WHAM! The door flies open, kicked violently, the flimsy lock not  
holding. A menacing figure stands in the doorway. WALLACE. A  
wiry biker-type with jailhouse tattoos and mean eyes.

COLE and RAILLY are too stunned to say anything as WALLACE looks  
them over coldly, insolently, then advances on RAILLY.

WALLACE

This is 'my territory, bitch!

COLE

(confused, turns to  
Railly)  
Is this real -- or is this one of my  
delusions?

RAILLY

This is definitely real!  
(to Wallace)  
Excuse me, I think we have a little  
misunderstanding here...

WALLACE smashes RAILLY in the face. She flies back against the  
wall and onto the floor as WALLACE spins around to COLE who is  
stepping toward him, but WALLACE is now holding a knife!

WALLACE

What're you -- some kind of tough guy?  
You wanna be a hero? You gonna try and  
mess with me? Come on...

A beat. COLE puts his hands up placatingly as he backs around  
WALLACE and moves to RAILLY, whose eye is already swelling.

WALLACE

Now that's a smart boy.

(to Raily)

But you, honey, you think you can go  
'round me and peddle your fancy ass in  
this part of town, you bet your life we  
got what I would call a major goddamn  
misunderstandin'.

RAILLY reaches a hand up to COLE for assistance, but he grabs her purse instead, swings it around, SMASHES WALLACE in the face with it, then grabs the pimp's arm and SNAPS it like it was a twig! The knife clatters to the floor as WALLACE yelps in pain and COLE slams him to the floor, straddles his chest, snatches up the knife, and presses it sharply against WALLACE'S neck.

RAILLY

JAMES -- DON'T!

COLE hesitates.

WALLACE

(eyes bulging)

You...heard...her. Don't do it, man.

RAILLY

(gets up, looks around)

Put him in the closet. ... But get his  
money first.

COLE

(amazed)

You want me to rob him?

RAILLY

I...I...We need cash, James.

A shadow. RAILLY turns toward the door and glimpses a FACE disappearing, then hears SHOUTS from the hallway...

SHOUTS (o.s.)

They're killing him! Call the cops!

Being very careful not to move his neck, WALLACE reaches into his pocket and produces a thick roll of bills, which RAILLY grabs.

WALLACE

You two are crazy. I got friends. You  
put me in a closet, they're gonna be  
really pissed.

COLE moves off Wallace and keeping the knife close, yanks him to his feet while RAILLY hurries to the window and looks out.

132A EXT. GLOBE HOTEL BACK ALLEY- DAY

132A

HER POV: a fire escape, leading down into an alley.

SCENE #132 CONTINUES...

\*

Turning to tell COLE, RAILLY sees COLE disappearing into the bathroom with WALLACE, locking the door behind them.

RAILLY  
James, no!

133 INT. BATHROOM- DAY

133

The knife in COLE'S hand is in the foreground as WALLACE cowers back against the shower stall, whining...

WALLACE  
I have friends, man -- if you cut me...

RAILLY'S VOICE (from the other room)  
(rattling the door knob)  
James, don't hurt him! Please!

ANGLE ON WALLACE, eyes bulging as he witnesses something we don't see!

WALLACE  
What...the...fuck...are you doing???

134 INT. GLOBE HOTEL ROOM 44- DAY

134

RAILLY is pounding on the bathroom door now as, suddenly, it opens and COLE steps out, the knife in his right hand, dripping with blood.

RAILLY  
Oh, my God, James. Did you kill him?

COLE shakes his head "no" as blood oozes from his mouth.

COLE  
Just...just in case. In case I'm not crazy...  
(holds up two bloody molars)  
That's how they find us. By our teeth.  
(a beat, eye contact)  
I don't want them to find me. Ever. I don't want to go back.

His eyes.

Her eyes. Overwhelmed! Realizing suddenly the depth of his love.

- 135 INT. GLOBE HOTEL STAIRWELL- DAY 135  
 COPS' boots THUNDER up the stairwell.  
SCENES #136, #137, #138 DELETED 135A
- 139 INT. 4TH FLOOR CORRIDOR- DAY 139  
 HOTEL RESIDENTS peek from doorways as uniformed POLICE OFFICERS led by the PLAINCLOTHES COP occupy the corridor, taking up positions on either side of the broken door, weapons drawn.  
 PLAINCLOTHES COP  
 POLICE! THROW YOUR WEAPONS OUT AND COME OUTTA THERE!  
 No response.
- 140 INT. GLOBE HOTEL ROOM 44- DAY 140  
 The PLAINCLOTHES COP charges into the room in a crouch, pistol extended in both hands. He pans the gun around the empty room.  
 HIS POV: a trail of blood on the floor leading to the open window.  
 WALLACE'S VOICE (from the bathroom)  
 HEY! ZAT THE POLICE! I'M AN INNOCENT VICTIM IN HERE! I WAS ATTACKED BY A COKED-UP WHORE AND A CRAZY DENTIST!
- 141 EXT. BUS STOP/DOWNTOWN- LATE AFTERNOON 141  
 A city bus disgorges a stream of CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS at a stop in the toney downtown shopping district. Among them, RAILLY looks furtively left and right, COLE on her heels.  
 She's hidden her bruised eye behind sun glasses; he's holding a bloody handkerchief to his mouth.  
 As he steps to the sidewalk, COLE is overwhelmed by the bustling city, the tall downtown buildings. Looking up, he sees the same beaux art edifice he saw in another time!
- 141P EXT. CITY HALL- FLASHBACK- DAY 141P  
 COLE'S POV: hallucination? A regal LION looks out over the city!  
SCENE #141 CONTINUES... \*
- ANGLE ON COLE, shaken, as RAILLY ushers him into the recessed entranced to a store.



RAILLY

Wait here. I'm going to try that phone number. Let's hope it's nothing!

141A INT. CITY HALL (ATRIUM) /PHONE BOOTH- LATE AFTERNOON

141A

Still disoriented, COLE watches her hurry to a pay phone twenty yards away, his view of her made intermittent by the flow of CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS steaming past him, their cheery FACES looming frighteningly close. One of them jostles COLE, forcing him back against a display window. Turning, he recoils in terror as he finds the angry jaws of a BEAR only inches away!

ANGLE ON RAILLY, out of earshot, speaking into the phone.

ANGLE ON COLE, recovering as he realizes the life-sized stuffed BEAR is part of an elaborate Christmas display in a toy store window. Just then, RAILLY rushes up to him, ebullient, LAUGHING.

RAILLY

James! James! It's okay. We're insane!  
We're crazy!

COLE doesn't know how to respond, but a PASSERBY gives them a look.

RAILLY

It's a Carpet Cleaning Company...

COLE

A Carpet Cleaning Company?

RAILLY

(laughing)

No superiors! No scientists. No people from the future. It's just a Carpet Cleaning Company. They have voice mail -- you leave a message telling them when you want your carpet cleaned.

COLE

You... you left them a message?

RAILLY

(impishly)

I couldn't resist. I was so relieved. Wait'll they hear this nutty woman telling them...they better watch out for the Army of the Twelve Monkeys...

Looking at her laughing face, COLE is struck with horror as he realizes the truth! He starts to recite...

COLE  
 "The Army of the Twelve Monkeys --  
 they're the ones who are going to do it.  
 I can't do anything more. The police are  
 watching me."

Now she's stunned. She glances back and sees the phone booth  
 twenty yards away.

RAILLY  
 You... you couldn't have heard me.

COLE  
 They got your message, Kathryn. They  
 played it for me. It was a bad  
 recording...distorted. I didn't  
 recognize your voice.

RAILLY'S eyes fill with horror as she grasps the meaning.

ANGLE ON A UNIFORMED COP, staring out the window of a POLICE  
 CRUISER as it inches along in the bumper to bumper traffic.  
 Noticing something, he reaches for his radio.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, spotting the CRUISER, grabbing COLE, pulling him  
 into the CROWD.

RAILLY  
 Come on.

142 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/MEN'S DEPARTMENT -6:00 PM

142

RAILLY, whose sun glasses don't really hide her bruised eye, adds  
 a man's Hawaiian shirt to the pile of other men's things heaped on  
 a counter in front of a very suspicious STORE CLERK. \*

RAILLY  
 And this.  
 (turning)  
 Anything else?

But COLE'S not here. He's a short distance away...staring...

142A INT. DEPARTMENT STORE- FLASHBACK- NIGHT

142A

COLE'S POV: a huge Christmas Tree featuring an ANGEL on top looms  
 over the aisles of goods and eager CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS. As he  
 FOCUSES on the FACE of the ANGEL, it seems to crumble...and all  
 around it the department store becomes the empty 21st Century  
 store, PIGEONS FLAPPING noisily into the gloom overhead.

SCENE #142 CONTINUES...

\*

ANGLE ON RAILLY, turning again to the CLERK.

RAILLY  
I guess that's it.

STORE CLERK  
Shall I put this on your account, Ma'am? \*

RAILLY  
(producing Wallace's  
roll of bills)  
No -- I'll pay cash.

The CLERK stares at the huge roll of bills!

RAILLY  
What floor are the wigs on, please?

143 EXT. PEST CONTROL VAN- NIGHT (RICHMOND POWER PLANT) 143

The VAN, with a PEST CONTROL logo on its side, is parked in a deserted trash-littered area near a warehouse.

144 INT. PARKED PEST CONTROL VAN- NIGHT 144

The VAN is packed with SIX ACTIVISTS, WELLER and KWESKIN among them, all wearing black. Some of them have climbing gear, tool belts, all sorts of paraphernalia. KWESKIN is telling his story.

KWESKIN  
So then he goes into this incredible riff about how his shrink, like, replicated his brain while he was in the nut house. Turned it into a computer.

WELLER  
And Fale believed it?

KWESKIN  
Oh, you know Fale! He's like, "If you guys get nailed -- and I'm sure you will -- I never saw you before in my life!"

LAUGHTER from all of them. Then, there's a sharp, rhythmic series of RAPS on the side door, a signal.

An ACTIVIST quickly slides the door open. It's JEFFREY... \*

THREE OTHER ACTIVISTS stagger out of the darkness behind JEFFREY, \*  
lugging a huge, squirming GARBAGE BAG.

The van occupants react with murmurs of "Awwwwwright" and "Far out", then they help maneuver the writhing bag into the van.

Then, JEFFREY and the other three scramble in, too.

JEFFREY  
Let's do it!

145 EXT. VAN/FREEWAY UNDER BRIDGE- NIGHT

145

The PEST CONTROL VAN lumbers up a ramp and onto the freeway.

146 INT. PEST CONTROL VAN/MOVING- NIGHT

146

The GARBAGE BAG squirms and grunts as JEFFREY holds a map under a flashlight and goes over "the plan" with the other ACTIVISTS.

JEFFREY  
Okay that's Stage One. In Stage Two,  
Monkey Four is over here...

A loud GROAN from the bag distracts the others.

KWESKIN  
What's the harm in opening the bag? His  
eyes are taped.

Shrugging cheerfully, JEFFREY tears open the garbage bag revealing  
DR. MASON, trussed up, duct tape covering his eyes and mouth.

JEFFREY  
Want the full effect?

Grinning wickedly, JEFFREY rips the tape from his father's mouth.

DR. MASON  
Jeffrey? I know it's you, Jeffrey. I  
recognize your voice.

JEFFREY puts his finger to his lips, silencing everyone.

DR. MASON  
JEFFREY??? ... Very well. I know all  
about your insane plan. That woman --  
your psychiatrist -- she told me.

\*  
\*

JEFFREY raises his eyebrows. This he hadn't expected.

DR. MASON  
I didn't believe her -- it seemed too  
crazy even for you. But, just in case,  
I took steps to make sure you couldn't do  
it. I don't have the code anymore-- I  
don't have access! I took myself out of  
the loop! I don't have access to the  
virus. So, go ahead -- torture me, kill  
me, do whatever you want-- it won't do  
you any good.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The ACTIVISTS are all exchanging puzzled looks.

JEFFREY

The loop?! The loopy scientist takes himself out of the loop?!

DR. MASON

(spins his head toward Jeffrey)

I would never let myself believe it, I mean truly believe it-- but I know it now-- you're completely insane, Jeffrey!

JEFFREY

Me? Do I put poor defenseless animals in cages and measure their reactions to electrical stimuli? Do I inject radioactive substances into living creatures and examine their bowel movements? Do I create weird viruses and manufacture germs? And you're calling me insane?

DR. MASON

Please, Jeffrey, tell me, what exactly are you going to do?

JEFFREY

What am I going to do? WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I'M GOING TO CONDUCT A FUCKING EXPERIMENT AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE A HELPLESS LITTLE TEST ANIMAL, YOU FUCKING DEMENTED MANIAC!

(to the others)

PUT THE TAPE BACK ON HIS MOUTH. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD!

147 INT. MOVIE SCREEN/THEATER - NIGHT

147

Spooky BERNARD HERRMAN MUSIC, giant redwoods looming skyward. It's DAYTIME in Muir Woods. SCOTTY (JAMES STEWART) AND MADELINE (KIM NOVAK) walk toward a display of a cross cut section of a redwood tree. We're watching Hitchcock's VERTIGO.

SCOTTY (up on the screen)

Here's a cross section of one of the old trees that's been cut down.

They look at the lines of the tree marked with cards that say, "BIRTH OF CHRIST", "DISCOVERY OF AMERICA", "MAGNA CARTA SIGNED", "1066 - BATTLE OF HASTINGS", and "1930 TREE CUT DOWN".

ANGLE ON THE THEATER AUDIENCE, empty seats dimly visible in the flickering light, a few shadowy MOVIEGOERS scattered here and there.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN, MADELINE pointing, saying with profound melancholy.

MADELINE (up on the screen)  
Somewhere in here I was born. And here --  
I die. There's only a moment for you.  
You don't notice.

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE, a shadowy COUPLE near the back of the theater. WE CAN'T REALLY SEE THEM, but we recognize their VOICES.

RAILLY  
Here, let me help you.

The theater is briefly illuminated by a very bright scene on the screen, revealing enough of COLE and RAILLY for us to see she's doing something to his upper lip while he tries to watch the movie.

COLE  
I think I've seen this movie before.  
When I was a kid. It was on TV.

RAILLY  
(fussing with his upper  
lip)  
Shh -- don't talk. Hold still.

COLE  
(moving his head to see  
the film)  
I have seen it, but I don't remember this  
part. Funny, it's like what's happening  
to us, like the past. The movie never  
changes -- it can't change -- but every  
time you see it, it seems to be different  
because you're different -- you notice  
different things.

RAILLY  
If we can't change anything...because  
it's already happened, then we ought to  
at least smell the flowers.

COLE  
Flowers! What flowers!

From the darkness, a MOVIE PATRON makes a SSSSHHHHHH sound.

RAILLY  
(whispering)  
It's an expression. Here...

She's pulling something from a shopping bag at her feet, placing it on COLE'S head, adjusting it.

COLE  
Why are we doing this?

RAILLY  
So we can stick our heads out the window  
and feel the wind and listen to the  
music. So we can appreciate what we have  
while we have it. Forgive me,  
psychiatrists don't cry.

There are tears in her eyes. They discomfit COLE.

COLE  
But maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you're wrong.  
Maybe we're both crazy.

RAILLY  
In a few weeks, it will have started or  
it won't. If there are still football  
games and traffic jams, armed robberies  
and boring TV shows -- we'll be so happy,  
we'll be glad to turn ourselves in to the  
police.

SHADOWY MOVIEGOER  
SHHHHHHH.....

COLE  
(whispers)  
Where can we hide for a few weeks?

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN, where SCOTTY and MADELINE are in the  
foreground, the OCEAN BEHIND THEM.

RAILLY  
You said you'd never seen the ocean...

148 EXT. GORILLA'S PEN/ZOO - NIGHT

148

CLOSE ON A GORILLA, by moonlight, angry, a true nightmare vision.

URGENT WHISPERS off screen, RUSTLING SOUNDS. Then, METAL ON METAL.  
Only now are we aware that the GORILLA is in an outdoor zoo pen  
with phony rocks. Stalking back and forth. Huge. Upset.

CLANK. CLANK. METAL ON METAL. GRUNTS of effort, then, DR.  
MASON'S VOICE, plaintive, frightened.

DR. MASON'S VOICE (o.s.)  
What are you doing to me? Where are we?  
Jeffrey, please...

The GORILLA bellows angrily, beating his chest.

- 148A EXT. ZOO/MAIN GATES- NIGHT 148A  
Establishing shot of the entrance to the zoo.
- 149 EXT. PANTHERS' PEN/ZOO- NIGHT 149  
Under the full moon, PANTHERS pace back and forth, back and forth, uttering ominous guttural SNARLS.
- 150 EXT. LION'S PEN/ZOO- NIGHT 150  
The KING OF BEASTS gives a deep fierce ROAR. From the darkness, unseen ELEPHANTS TRUMPET their response.
- 151 EXT. AVIARIES/ZOO- NIGHT 151  
A PANDEMONIUM OF WINGS RUSTLING, the sharp metallic CLINKING of metal on metal, the MUTTER of HUMAN VOICES, then a cacophonous CRESCENDO of frenzied SCREECHING as PARROTS, COCKATOOS and other EXOTIC BIRDS careen madly in their cages.  
SCENE #152 DELETED
- 153 INT. MOVIE THEATER AUDITORIUM- NIGHT 153  
CLOSE ON COLE, as the SOUNDS of SCREAMING BIRDS continue. Suddenly, he comes awake with a start...sees the movie filling his field of vision.  
HIS POV: the MOVIE SCREEN. TIPPI HEDRIN, overwhelmed by screeching BIRDS in an attic in Hitchcock's The BIRDS.  
ANGLE ON COLE, orienting himself, looking around. Empty seats on both sides of him. He's alone. He panics.  
COLE  
Kathryn?!!!
- 154 INT. THEATER LOBBY- NIGHT 154  
A lobby poster boasts "Classics 24 Hours A Day" and "Hitchcock Festival". PANNING OFF the poster, passing a SNORING USHER, dead to the world in an old velvet chair, WE DISCOVER a BLONDE WOMAN in a tight dress, hanging up the lobby pay phone.  
Turning, she reveals heavy make-up, gaudy costume jewelry, and sun glasses. She's the BLONDE in COLE'S DREAM! Crossing the lobby toward the auditorium, it's a pleasure to watch her nice body undulate in the tight dress.



Just then, the auditorium doors burst open and a BLONDE MAN in a Hawaiian shirt appears, the man from COLE'S DREAM, except this man's mustache is fixed firmly on his upper lip. The BLONDE MAN stops, stunned at the sight of the BLONDE WOMAN.

BLONDE WOMAN

We're booked on a 9:30 flight to Key West.

The Blonde Woman is RAILLY, no longer the dignified professional, revealed now by her disguise as a sexy babe. The Blonde Man is COLE! He's confused.

COLE

You were in my dream just now. I didn't recognize you.

RAILLY

Well, you look pretty different, too.

COLE

I mean in my dream -- I didn't realize it was you. Then...I woke up and I...I thought you were gone.

RAILLY

(studies him seriously)

I remember you...like this. I feel I've known you before. I feel I've always known you.

Their eyes lock. Suddenly, she backs up, gently maneuvering him with her, past the sleeping USHER, to and through an unlocked, unmarked door, then closing it behind them.

155 INT. STORAGE ROOM/MOVIE THEATER- NIGHT

155

RAILLY and COLE are in a dimly lit cluttered storage room. She kisses him hungrily amid the brooms, plastic trash barrels, other janitorial items. COLE responds to her passion as they move deeper into the room, its walls covered with old movie posters. Tearing at each other's clothes, they collapse on a rolled theater curtain among stacks of ancient theater seats.

156 EXT. SUBURBS- DAWN

156

The red rim of the rising sun is just becoming visible beyond the silhouetted roofs of an upper middle-class suburban neighborhood.

The early light is so vague that when a huge SIBERIAN TIGER pads across a neatly-trimmed lawn, he's more a shadowy vision than reality. Did we really see him at all?

157 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE- DAWN

157

The rising sun flares behind the towering silhouette of an unfinished building, deserted in the early morning light. High up, a MONKEY pokes his head around a girder while four stories below, other MONKEYS are scrambling upward.

158 EXT. SHOPPING MALL- DAWN

158

Deserted in the first light of dawn, the stores face each other across a broad promenade with blank staring windows.

After a long moment, an AFRICAN BULL ELEPHANT suddenly appears, turning the corner, lumbering toward us along the promenade, raising his trunk to TRUMPET triumphantly to the other ELEPHANTS trotting into view behind him.

159 INT. TAXICAB/CITY STREETS- EARLY MORNING

159

A fiftyish WOMAN CABBIE with white hair and a Southern twang is at the wheel of the cab.

WOMAN CABBIE

What time's your flight, friends?

In the back seat, COLE, in the blonde wig and mustache, looks to his companion, the sexy babe in sun glasses, RAILLY.

RAILLY

Nine thirty.

WOMAN CABBIE

Might be tight.

RAILLY

(startled, checks her  
watch)

Tight? My watch says 7:30.

WOMAN CABBIE

On your normal mornin', okay, plenty a time, but today, gotta take inta account your Army-of-the-Twelve-Monkeys factor.

RAILLY

What? What did you say?

WOMAN CABBIE

Twelve Monkeys, honey. Guess you folks didn't turn on your radio this morning.

COLE and RAILLY exchange a quick look.

WOMAN CABBIE

Buncha weirdos let all the animals outta the zoo last night. Then they locked up this big shot scientist in one of the cages. Scientist's own kid was one a the ones did it!

RAILLY and COLE stare at the cabbie, stunned.

WOMAN CABBIE

Now they got animals all over the place. Buncha zebras shut down the thruway 'bout an hour ago and some kinda thing called an "e--mu" it's got traffic blocked for miles over on 22.

RAILLY

(sudden hope)

That's all they were up to! Freeing animals!

COLE

On the walls -- they meant the animals when they said, "We did it."

WOMAN CABBIE

You can hear it on the radio, all the stations...

As the WOMAN CABBIE switches on the RADIO, RAILLY points and COLE follows her look...

COLE'S POV: loping GIRAFFES on a neighboring freeway.

ANNOUNCER/RADIO (o.s.)

--- one of the many animal rights activists critical of the so-called Twelve Monkeys.

RIGHTS ACTIVIST/RADIO (o.s.)

Can these fools seriously believe that releasing a captive animal into an urban environment is being compassionate to the animal? It's mindlessly cruel, almost as indefensible as holding the animal in captivity in the first place.

RAILLY and COLE are watching FLAMINGOS cross the sky against a backdrop of skyscrapers in silhouette.

RAILLY

Maybe it's going to be okay.

INT SCENES #160, 161, & #161a DELETED

162 INT. TICKET COUNTER/AIRPORT TERMINAL- MORNING 162

CLOSE ON copies of the mug shot of COLE and a photo of RAILLY while the airport P.A. SYSTEM DRONES in the b.g.

REVEAL A DETECTIVE, giving the flyers to the uniformed SUPERVISOR at one end of the ticket counter.

DETECTIVE GOINES \*

Tell your people if they spot either one of them, not to try and apprehend them. They should notify us and...

162A EXT. CAB/AIRPORT TERMINAL- MORNING 162A

The cab pulls up in front of the terminal and RAILLY and COLE, in their disguises, get out of the cab and hurry into the terminal.

162B INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL- MORNING 162B

The P.A. ANNOUNCES a departure as RAILLY and COLE enter the busy main terminal lobby.

P.A. SYSTEM

-- Flight 531 for Chicago is now ready for boarding at Gate Seventeen.

ANGLE ON COLE, reacting to the P.A., stopping, shocked, looking around.

COLE

I know this place! ... This is my dream!

RAILLY

Airports all look the same. Maybe it's...

(turning, reacting)

James! Your mustache! It's slipping.

COLE

(not listening)

It's not just my dream. I was actually here! I remember now. My parents brought me to meet my uncle. About a week or two before...before...before everybody started dying.

RAILLY glances around nervously, sees two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN, strolling through the lobby, scanning the faces of TRAVELERS.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, pulling a small tube from her purse.

RAILLY

They may be looking for us, James.

(placing the tube in his  
hand)

Use this. You can fix it in the Men's  
Room.

COLE

I was here...as a kid. I think you were  
here, too. But you...looked just like  
you look now.

RAILLY

(getting desperate)

James, if we're identified, they're going  
to send us someplace...but not to Key  
West!

COLE

(snaps out of it, hand  
to mustache)

Right! You're right. I have to fix  
this!

RAILLY

(indicating the top of  
an escalator)

I'll get the tickets and meet you... in  
the Gift Shop.

COLE follows her look, nods, then heads for the Men's Room as  
RAILLY, in sun glasses, gaudy outfit, high heels, clip clops to the  
ticket counter, her ass attracting admiring glances.

163 INT. TELEPHONES/LOBBY- DAY

163

BUSINESS TRAVELERS huddle over pay phones, talking earnestly, as  
COLE, walking past on his way to the Men's Room, sees an unoccupied  
phone, hesitates, considers it. Coming to a decision, he reaches  
into his pocket, pulls out some change.

164 INT. TICKET COUNTER/TERMINAL- DAY

164

CLOSE ON the flyer of COLE and RAILLY taped under the counter,  
hidden from the customers, but in clear view of the TICKET AGENT.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, stepping up to the counter, smiling, looking  
nothing like the Raily on the flyer.

RAILLY

Judy Simmons...I have reservations for  
Key West.

165 INT. PAY PHONES/TERMINAL- DAY

165

COLE is speaking into the phone very low, very private, very intense.

COLE

Listen, I don't know whether you're there or not. Maybe you just clean carpets. If you do, you're lucky -- you're gonna live a long, happy life. But if you other guys exist and you're picking this up -- forget about the Army of The Twelve Monkeys -- they didn't do it. It was a mistake! Someone else did it. The Army of The Twelve Monkeys are just dumb kids playing revolutionaries.

Glancing around nervously, COLE catches a BUSINESSMAN at the next phone looking away quickly. COLE touches his loose mustache as he averts his face and speaks into the phone in an urgent whisper.

COLE

I've done my job. I did what you wanted. Good luck. I'm not coming back!

COLE hangs up the phone, looking around, catches a few stares. Averting his face, he heads for the Men's Room.

166 INT. TICKET COUNTER- DAY

166

The TICKET AGENT is counting out a stack of bills.

TICKET AGENT

Don't see a lot of this... cash.

RAILLY

It's...a long story.

TICKET AGENT

(smiles, hands over the tickets)

They'll begin boarding in about twenty minutes. Have a nice flight, Ms. Simmons.

Turning to go, RAILLY fumbles the tickets while trying to put them in her purse and they flutter to the floor. As she kneels to retrieve them, WE SEE the long line of waiting TRAVELERS from the waist down. WE SEE a familiar Chicago Bulls Sports Bag resting on the floor beside sneakers and gaudy baggy pants.

We've seen this outfit before...in COLE'S dream...on MR. PONYTAIL!

167 INT. MEN'S ROOM/AIRPORT- DAY

167

The P.A. DRONES as COLE, head down, lingers at a sink, washing and rewashing his hands while another TRAVELER finishes drying his hands, gives COLE a quizzical look, then leaves.

Quickly, COLE glances around, checks the seemingly empty Men's Room, then takes the tube of adhesive from his pocket, puts some goop under the loose edge of his mustache and presses it firmly against his face as he leans close to the mirror.

RASPY VOICE (O.S.)

Got yourself a prob, Bob?

COLE whirls, looks for the source of the VOICE. Nothing! Until he spots shoes peeking from dropped trousers indicating an occupied stall. It must be him!

COLE

Leave me alone! I made a report. I didn't have to do that.

RASPY VOICE (o.s.)

Point of fact -- you don't belong here. It's not permitted to let you stay.

A toilet FLUSHES in the "occupied" stall. COLE'S answer is loud and defiant.

COLE

This is the present. This is not the past. This is not the future. This is right now!

A PLUMP BUSINESSMAN emerges from the "occupied" stall, gives COLE a wary look and a wide berth as he heads for a sink.

COLE

I'm staying here! You got that? You can't stop me!

PLUMP MAN

(high pitched voice)

Anything you say, chief. It's none of my business.

COLE looks dismayed. This guy wouldn't be "THE VOICE"! And there are no feet showing under the other stalls. Did he imagine it?

168 INT. TICKET COUNTER- DAY

168

The Chicago Bulls bag! It's on the counter in front of the TICKET AGENT who's reviewing a stack of tickets in awe...

TICKET AGENT  
 Woooo-eeee. San Francisco, New Orleans,  
 Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Kinshasa, Karachi,  
 Bangkok, Peking! That's some trip you're  
 taking, sir, All in one week!

MR. PONYTAIL (o.s.)  
 Business.

TICKET AGENT  
 (handing over the  
 tickets)  
 Have a good one, sir.

169 INT. TERMINAL LOBBY- DAY

169

COLE emerges from the Men's Room, shaken, paranoid. He glances around nervously. Then, keeping his head down, he walks toward the escalator. Suddenly, someone grabs his shoulder from behind.

FAMILIAR VOICE (o.s.)  
 You gotta be crazy, man!

COLE whirls, sees a Puerto Rican youth in an L.A. Raiders jacket, a sideways baseball cap, and mirrored sun glasses.

COLE  
 Jo...Jose???

JOSE  
 Pulling out the tooth, man, that was  
 nuts! Here, take this.

JOSE tries to slip COLE a 9mm pistol. Astonished, COLE resists!

COLE  
 What? What for? Are you crazy?

Frustrated, JOSE conceals the gun but keeps a grip on COLE'S arm.

JOSE  
 Me? Are you kiddin'? You're the one!  
 You were a hero, man. They gave you a  
 pardon! And whadda you do? You come  
 back and fuck with your teeth! Wow!

COLE  
 How did you find me?

JOSE  
 The phone call, man. The phone call.  
 They did their "reconstruction" thing on  
 it.



COLE

The call I just made? Five minutes ago?

JOSE

Hey, five minutes ago, thirty years ago!  
They just put it together...

(imitating)

"This is Cole, James. I don't know  
whether you're there or not. Maybe you  
just clean carpets." Ha ha. Clean  
carpets? Where'd you get that? "Forget  
about the Army of the Twelve Monkeys".  
If they coulda got your message  
earlier...

(pressing the pistol on  
Cole)

Here, take it, man! you could still be  
a hero if you'd cooperate!

170 INT. GIFT SHOP/TERMINAL- DAY

170

RAILLY takes a travel book on Key West from a rack, considers it,  
includes it with several magazines she's holding. She doesn't  
notice MR. PONYTAIL enter the Gift Shop behind her!

The P.A. System DRONES info as RAILLY nervously checks her watch.  
Where's Cole? She heads for the cash register to make her  
purchases.

MR. PONYTAIL, seen from behind, is at the cash register already.  
He sets a newspaper on the counter and searches for change.

The paper's headline screams... "ANIMALS SET FREE" and a sub-head...  
"PROMINENT SCIENTIST FOUND LOCKED IN GORILLA CAGE" over a photo of  
DR. MASON being released from the cage and another photo of  
JEFFREY, grinning triumphantly, cuffed hands raised, making a  
Victory "V" with one hand, giving the "bird" with the other.

Stepping in line behind MR. PONYTAIL, RAILLY checks her watch  
again. MR. PONYTAIL, having paid, turns to go and RAILLY looks up  
and sees his face, though it is not visible to us.

Startled, RAILLY frowns. Does she know this man?

As MR. PONYTAIL exits WE SEE HIS FACE! AND RECOGNIZE HIM  
IMMEDIATELY! He's DR. MASON'S ASSISTANT, DR. PETERS...the man who  
attended RAILLY'S lecture!

RAILLY turns back to the counter as PETERS hurries off and the  
CLERK rings up her purchases.

Still bothered, she glances back toward PETERS ... and remembers!

171 INT. RECEPTION ROOM/BREITROSE HALL- NIGHT (FLASHBACK!)

171

DR. PETERS  
Isn't it obvious that "Chicken Little"  
represents the sane vision and that Homo  
Sapiens' motto, "Let's go shopping!" is  
the cry of the true lunatic?"

172 INT. GIFT SHOP- DAY

172

RAILLY, stunned by the memory, is startled as a DELIVERY MAN SLAMS  
a bundle of newspapers on the counter beside her.

RAILLY'S POV: underneath the banner headline, "TERRORISTS CREATE  
CHAOS", beside a photo of a RHINO in freeway gridlock, are two more  
photos...DR. MASON in the gorilla cage and a file photo of DR.  
MASON in his lab.

CLOSE ON THE SHOT OF DR. MASON in his lab. There's someone else in  
the picture. It's a man wearing a lab coat and a PONYTAIL!

ANGLE ON RAILLY, reacting, turning, looking for PETERS.

RAILLY  
Oh, my God!

But PETERS is gone!

P.A. SYSTEM  
-- flight 784 for San Francisco is now  
ready for boarding at Gate 38.

173 INT. ESCALATOR/TERMINAL- DAY

173

COLE, face forward, rides up the escalator, trying to ignore JOSE,  
one step behind him.

JOSE  
Come on, Cole, don't be an asshole.  
(then, blurting it out)  
Look, I got orders, man! You know what  
I'm sposed to do if you don't go along?  
I'm sposed to shoot the lady! You got  
that? They said, "If Cole don't obey  
this time, Garcia, you gotta shoot his  
girlfriend!"

COLE spins around, too stunned to speak.

JOSE  
I got no choice, man. These are my  
orders. Just take it, okay?

Riding on the down escalator next to COLE, passing him...  
SCARFACE. In a business suit. Looking at COLE with narrowed eyes.

Resigned, COLE accepts the gun now. They've got him.

COLE  
This part isn't about the virus, is it?

JOSE  
Hey, man...

COLE  
It's about obeying, about doing what  
you're told.

JOSE  
They gave you a pardon, man. Whatdaya  
want?

The escalator has reached the top. COLE stumbles as he gets off.

COLE  
Who am I supposed to shoot?

Just then, RAILLY rushes up to COLE, not even noticing JOSE.

RAILLY  
James! Thank God! I thought you'd  
disappeared. Listen, I think I know who  
it is! I saw him. It's Dr. Mason's  
assistant. An apocalypse nut! The next  
flight to San Francisco leaves from Gate  
38. If he's there, it has to be him.

Jose, having heard this, steps back into the crowd as RAILLY grabs  
COLE and pulls him toward the Security Check Points.

COLE  
I love you, Kathryn. Remember that.

She doesn't hear him or see the look of doom in his eyes.

RAILLY  
Maybe we can stop him. Maybe we can  
actually do something.

174 INT. SECURITY CHECK POINT/TERMINAL- DAY

174

A six year old boy passes through the magnetic arch grinning.  
YOUNG COLE! Exactly as he appears in the dream!

He joins his PARENTS, who are only visible from their chests down,  
and they continue along the concourse.

WE LINGER and DISCOVER DETECTIVE GOINES watching TRAVELERS pass through the magnetic arch and retrieve their bags from the x-ray machine, comparing their faces to photos of COLE and RAILLY. \*

ANGLE ON AN AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER, watching the x-ray monitor. \*

ANGLE ON THE MONITOR, showing the X-RAY IMAGE of a sports bag moving along the conveyer belt. The bag contains some strange objects.

ANGLE ON THE AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER, reacting. \*

AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER \*

Excuse me, sir. Would you mind letting me have a look at the contents of your bag?

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, coming through the magnetic arch, reacting.

DR. PETERS

Me? Oh, yes, of course. My samples. I have the appropriate papers.

174A INT. END OF LINE/SECURITY CHECKPOINT- DAY

174A

RAILLY and COLE arrive at the very long suddenly stalled line of TRAVELERS waiting to pass through security.

, RAILLY

Oh, God, we don't have time for this.

ANGLE ON THE SECURITY CHECKPOINT, where DR. PETERS unpacks his Bulls Bag, pulls out six metal cylinders along with a change of clothes and a Walkman.

DR. PETERS

Biological samples. I have the paperwork right here.

Dr. PETERS produces a sheaf of official papers while the AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER examines one of the tubes, turning it over in his hands.

AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER \*

I'm going to have to ask you to open this, sir.

DR. PETERS

Open it?

(blinks stupidly, then)

Of course.

DR. PETERS takes the metal cylinder and starts opening it.

There's a SOUND OF VOICES RAISED behind them. DR. PETERS pays no attention, but the AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER turns toward the NOISE.

AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER'S POV: RAILLY, trying to explain something to a SECOND AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER.

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE GOINES, nearby, interested in the commotion.

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, oblivious to the fuss, pulling a closed glass tube out of the metal cylinder.

DR. PETERS

Here! You see? Biological! Check the papers -- it's all proper. I have a permit.

AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER

It's empty!

Indeed, it looks like a sealed clear glass tube with nothing in it.

DR. PETERS

Well, yes, to be sure, it looks empty!  
But I assure you, it's not.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, at the end of the line, arguing with the SECOND AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER.

RAILLY

Please listen to me -- this is very urgent!

SECOND AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER

You'll have to get in line, ma'am.

IMPATIENT TRAVELER

We're all in a hurry, lady. What's so special about you?

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, producing the glass tubes from the other metal cylinders as the AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER examines the papers.

DR. PETERS

You see! Also invisible to the naked eye.

A beat. DR. PETERS grins suddenly, opens one of the glass tubes, and waves it under the AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER'S nose.

DR. PETERS

It doesn't even have an odor.

The AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER glances up, sees what DR. PETERS is doing, and smiles as he hands the paper back to the scientist.

AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER  
That's not necessary sir. Here you go.  
Thanks for your cooperation. Have a good  
flight.

Hastily, DR. PETERS snatches up all the tubes and cylinders and  
shoves them back into his gym bag.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, raging as the SECOND AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER jabs  
her with his finger.

SECOND AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER  
Who are you calling a "moron"?

COLE  
Get your hands off her!

The SECOND AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER stiffens for trouble.

ANGLE ON THE DETECTIVE, watching the fuss, ready to get involved.  
Suddenly, DETECTIVE GOINES frowns.

DETECTIVE GOINES'S POV: COLE'S mustache is slipping. COLE senses  
it, reaches up to touch it, catches the DETECTIVE'S look. For half  
a second their eyes meet, then COLE looks away.

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, hurrying away.

AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER (o.s.)  
HOLD IT! JUST A MOMENT.

DR. PETERS freezes, turns, ashen.

The AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER is retrieving a pair of jockey shorts  
from the floor beside the search table. He waves them at DR.  
PETERS.

DR. PETERS hurries back for his underpants.

ANGLE ON COLE, trying to keep his head turned away as he confronts  
the SECOND AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER.

COLE  
I said, get your hands off her. She's  
not a criminal. She's a doctor...a  
psychiatrist.

RAILLY looks alarmed at that.

ANGLE ON THE DETECTIVE, coming this way. DETECTIVE GOINES has the  
photos in his hand.

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, bagging his jockey shorts, then starting  
hastily down the windowed concourse toward the gates.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, suddenly spotting DR. PETERS!

RAILLY  
THERE HE IS! HE'S CARRYING A DEADLY  
VIRUS! STOP HIM!

ANGLE ON COLE, following RAILLY'S look, seeing MR. PONYTAIL THE MAN  
FROM HIS DREAM!

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, frightened, glancing back, walking faster.

RAILLY (o.s.)  
PLEASE, SOMEBODY -- STOP HIM!

ANGLE ON THE DETECTIVE, reaching RAILLY and COLE.

DETECTIVE GOINES  
(raising his badge)  
Police Officer. Would you step over  
here, please. \*

ANGLE ON COLE, lunging at DETECTIVE GOINES, knocking him off  
balance, then sprinting toward the magnetic arch and through it. \*

The ALARM goes off!!!

The FIRST AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER tries to stop COLE, but COLE  
knocks him aside like a rag doll. \*

ANGLE ON DR. PETERS, fifty yards up the concourse, glancing back.

ANGLE ON COLE, pulling his pistol.

ANGLE ON THE FIRST AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER. \*

FIRST AIRLINE SECURITY OFFICER  
HE'S GOT A GUN! \*

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE GOINES, raising his pistol at COLE. \*

DETECTIVE GOINES  
STOP OR I'LL SHOOT! \*

ANGLE ON COLE, gun in hand, sprinting along the concourse toward  
DR. PETERS as frightened TRAVELERS SCREAM and dive for cover.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, standing at a concourse window, watching a  
plane land, flanked by his parents whose faces we don't see. IT'S  
SUDDENLY AS IF THE DREAM IS HAPPENING IN REAL LIFE!!!

THE SAME MOMENTS INTERSPERSED WITH "NEW" MOMENTS FROM THE POV OF  
YOUNG COLE who, hearing the commotion, turns just as DR. PETERS  
hurries by. DR. PETERS bumps into YOUNG COLE and reacts by pulling  
his Bulls bag close to his body and calling...

DR. PETERS  
WATCH IT!

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, wide-eyed, watching...

YOUNG COLE'S POV: a BLONDE MAN, dashing up the concourse, his mustache slipping over his lip, a pistol in his hand.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: DETECTIVE GOINES aims looking for a clear shot \*  
in the crowded passageway.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: a BLONDE WOMAN in flashy clothes, gaudy earnings, high heels, and sun glasses SCREAMS...

BLONDE WOMAN (RAILLY)  
NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

YOUNG COLE'S POV: DETECTIVE GOINES, firing! CRACK! \*

YOUNG COLE'S POV: the BLONDE MAN, shuddering, staggering, falling...

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, stunned, as his PARENTS try to shield him.

MOTHER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
My God! They shot that man!

Mesmerized, YOUNG COLE watches the BLONDE WOMAN rush to the BLONDE MAN, kneel beside him, minister to his bloody wound.

OU YOUNG COLE'S POV: the BLONDE MAN, fatalistically reaching up and tenderly touching the WOMAN'S cheek, touching her tears. (WE'VE SEEN THIS EXACT IMAGE IN COLE'S DREAM, A POWERFUL MOMENT, UNFOLDING UNNATURALLY SLOWLY, OPENING LIKE A FLOWER.)

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, not able to hear their words, but he can see the BLONDE WOMAN aside as they crouch beside the BLONDE MAN.

FATHER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Come on, Son -- this is no place for us.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, as his FATHER'S ARM drapes over his shoulder, steering him. YOUNG COLE turns to look back as he's led away.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: the PARAMEDICS, exchanging glances, shrugging helplessly. It's too late. The BLONDE MAN is dead.

YOUNG COLE sees the WOMAN, her face streaked with tears, suddenly turn and look around, scanning the crowd, searching for something. DETECTIVE GOINES and ANOTHER POLICE OFFICER approach her, say something to her. Even as she responds, her eyes continue to scan the concourse.

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, being hurried toward the lobby by his PARENTS. He can't help sneaking another look back.

YOUNG COLE'S POV: POLICE, handcuffing a distracted, unresisting RAILLY. Even now, she continues to look around almost frantically. Suddenly, her gaze falls on YOUNG COLE and she reacts...



she's found what she's looking for!

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, reacting to the intensity of her look.

ANGLE ON RAILLY, her eyes speaking to the boy across the crowded concourse

ANGLE ON YOUNG COLE, overwhelmed by the look.

FATHER'S VOICE (o.s.)

Hurry up, son.

With a last lingering look toward the mysterious BLONDE WOMAN, YOUNG COLE turns away, tears welling in his eyes. WE MOVE IN... CLOSE...CLOSE...CLOSER...on his eyes.

MOTHER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Pretend it was just a bad dream, Jimmy.

175 INT. 747 CABIN- DAY

175

DR. PETERS closes the door to the overhead luggage rack containing his Chicago Bulls bag and takes his seat. Next to him, a FELLOW TRAVELER, unseen, says...

FELLOW TRAVELER'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's obscene, all the violence, all the lunacy. Shootings even at airports now. You might say...we're the next endangered species...human beings!

CLOSE ON DR. PETERS, smiling affably, turning to his neighbor.

DR. PETERS

I think you're right, sir. I think you've hit the nail on the head.

DR. PETERS' POV: the FELLOW TRAVELER, a silver-haired gentleman in a business suit, offering his hand congenially. DR. PETERS doesn't know who this man is, but we do. It's the ASTROPHYSICIST!

ASTROPHYSICIST

Jones is my name. I'm in insurance.

176 EXT. PARKING LOT/AIRPORT- DAY

176

As YOUNG COLE'S PARENTS (their faces unseen) usher him into their car, the boy looks back, sees...

176A EXT. AIRPORT/RUNWAY- DAY

176A

A 747...CLIMBING INTO  
THE SKY.

FADE OUT: